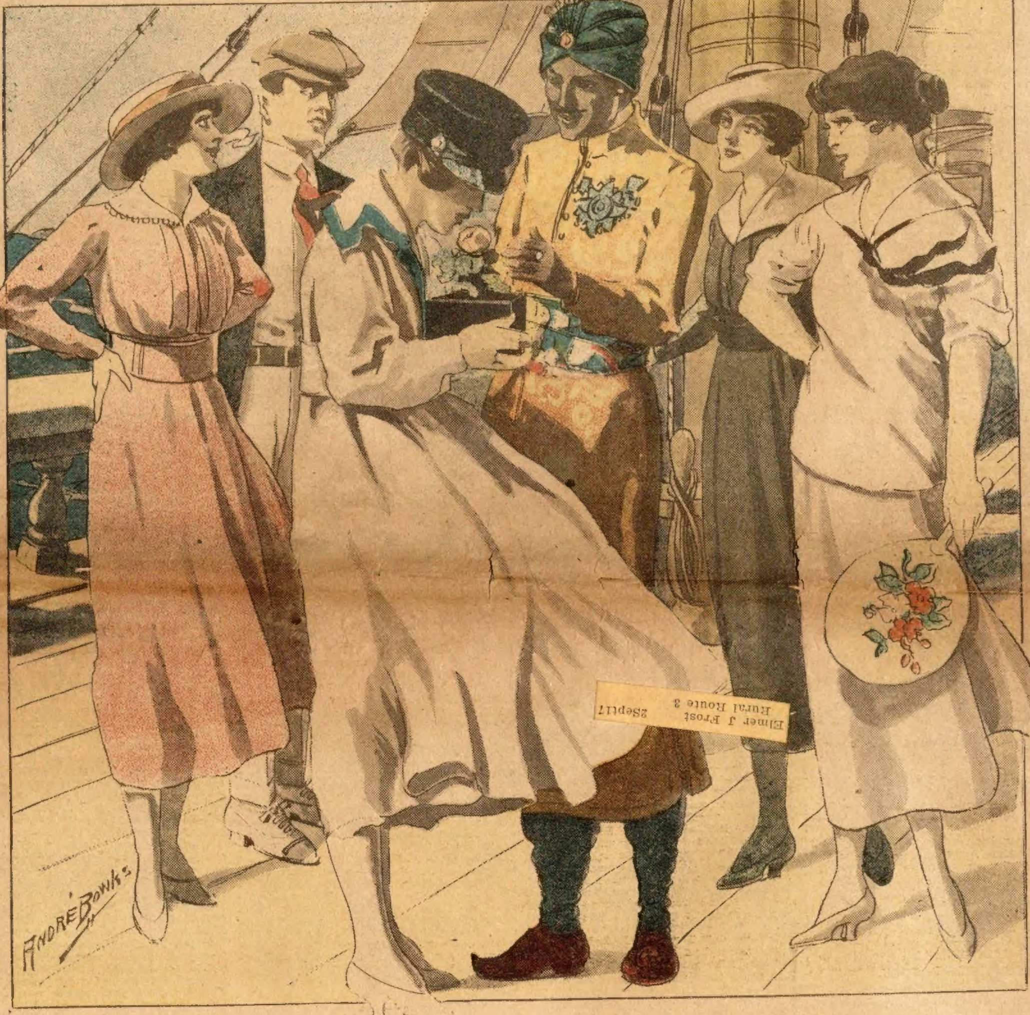
CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLV. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1917. NO. 28.



Elmer J Frost
Rural Route 3
2Sept17

Into the Unknown

-:- Or -:-

Rajah and Ruby

By Will Gage Carey

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER I.

"THE GENTLEMAN GETS IT."

"SOLD—for $17,900!" Tho I was but the humble agent in the buying, and not the bona fide owner of the precious work of art, a thrill of possession obsessed me, now that the spirited session of bidding was over.

It was at the Davanzati Palace sale in the American Art Galleries—and my purchase, a fifteenth-century Florentine painted wood bust of an aristocratic maiden of some old patrician family, the work of Rossellini, of the Donatello school. I knew that my client, for whom I made the purchase, would find more than passing delight in the treasure.

The little bust was handed down to me, and I carried it over to a window, the better to observe its lines and superb coloring. The subject depicted a young girl with lips parted in a provocative smile, while the whole youthful face and soft brown eyes seemed to sparkle with the joy of living. Her fair hair was plaited and twisted around her head. She was dressed in a tunic of green, cut square across the neck, with an embroidered edging of gold. At the base, very indistinct, was a name—"Coi-f-i.' Tho sensing to the full the artistic charm of the little Florentine maiden, I could not get quite away from the materialistic side of the transaction.

"A small fortune," I reflected." for a bit of carved and painted wood! Now what of the little original in the warm flesh——"

My musings were interrupted by a voice at my elbow: "Your pardon, sir—will you permit me to examine your purchase? You outbid me; at least allow me the pleasure of a moment's possession."

The voice was low, well-modulated, vibrant and compelling. I turned to look at the speaker. He was of slender build, tall and very erect; neatly attired, carefully groomed and evidently a gentleman of culture. Flattered by his interest in the Florentine work, I handed it over to him at once.

"It is a beauty," I said, "and I consider that I am fortunate to secure it, even at the sum paid."

From his manner of inspection, his attention to certain detail, I knew that he was a connoisseur. While he studied the bust I, in turn, studied him.

He was very dark—swarthy you might say. His eyes, piercing black, were placed rather too closely together, I thought; but this defect, if any, was relieved by a fine, straight nose and firm, dominant chin. His teeth were even, and very white, the whiteness being extenuated, perhaps, by his swarthy skin. I adjudged, and rightly, that he hailed from far-off India—a scion of royalty.

He turned to make some comment or observation to his companion (a younger man with no particular personality) and both smiled. At that instant a sudden awakening, a subtle, vague remembrance seized hold of me, a scarcely perceptible premonition of lurking danger.

I thought to myself: "I've seen that fellow before—somewhere! That smile—those thin, supercilious lips——"

He came over suddenly, taking a position directly in front of me, holding the bust raised slightly in his left hand. His eyes glowed. He began speaking, low and fervidly, of lines and color. His admiration was genuine, no possible doubt on that point; but he pressed somewhat heavily against me in a way quite uncalled for, it seemed to me; unconsciously, perhaps—the intense impetuousity of the far East. Withal, he interested me; and what he had to say concerning the Florentine maiden made me feel very well content with my purchase.

Presently, he desisted. Handing the bust back to me, half-reluctantly, he thanked me for my courtesy, bowed low, and, with his companion took his departure.

Where had we met before! I sank down into a deep-cushioned chair, while my mind harked back over places and events into which the spirit of wanderlust had led me, of a sudden, then, it came to me.

Down upon a sunny isle in the Southern sea—the beauteous, mysterious island of Fhu-boo-loo—I had come into the possession of a wonderful ruby, a jewel so dazzling that it was already world-famous—the Ruby of Roo. At the time of my sojourn upon the island an emissary arrived from some royal court in India. I soon learned the reason for his visit to that out-of-the-way part of the world—he was seeking the Ruby of Roo! Well, he came too late, the jewel was my own. Baffled, chagrined but not one whit discouraged he sought me out, and tried by every means he could conceive to obtain the ruby from me; I laughed alike at his offer of vast sums, at his entreaties, his imploring—his threats. In a rage he departed from Fhu-boo-loo; but before leaving he swore to me that some day, somehow, by fair means or foul, he'd get that Ruby of Roo, and take it back to adorn a crown in distant India!

At that time, he was attired in the rich, flowing raiment of the East, together with a great turban of yellow silk, a striking costume, presenting a supreme contrast with our own conventional street dress; and yet it dawned upon me with certainty now that this emissary from India, the Rajah Mazajinfizzi, and the suave gentleman who had admired my Florentine were one and the same.

What was he doing there at the sale in the American Art Galleries! The answer was simple: He was there because his trailing me had led him thence. For weeks, months—a year, perhaps—he had doubtless haunted my steps, awaiting just such opportunity as finally came.

With a sinking heart I raised my hand to my cravat where, of late, I had worn the Ruby of Roo mounted in a tie-pin. My fingers clasped around the end of the gold pin—a pin cut in twain by keen nippers; the ruby was gone.

Then, as tho in taunting mockery, there rang in my ears the words of the auctioneer when he handed down to me the little bust:

"The gentleman gets it!"

Without the faintest, slightest suspicion of a doubt, the 'gentleman'—did!

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING A GOAT.

TO ME, the loss of the ruby was more than mere misfortune; it was tragedy itself.

For a time I was stunned, dazed by the stupendous catastrophe. The intrinsic value of the ruby was great; but it was not that which distressed me so much as parting forever with a jewel to which I was bound by so many ties of sentiment and association. Naturally, too, I was piqued to think that I had been swindled so cleverly; that the Rajah Mazajinfizzi had fulfilled so readily his sworn oath to get the ruby away from me; that I had been but a plaything in the Rajah's hands when at last the supreme moment for which he waited arrived.

Arousing myself at length to action, I made ready to leave the galleries. Dur- the incident with Rajah Mazajinfizzi, an attendant had brought in to me a little receptacle in which to place the valuable bust—a lacquer-ware box, dust-proof and air-tight, the cover of which closed with a spring lock. He handed over the key to the box to me; and as he did so I thought that I detected the swarthy gentleman examining the bust exchange surreptitious glances with his companion; but this was done—if at all—in so sly and discreet a fashion that it barely attracted my notice at the time. I had reason to recall it later.

The wealthy client for whom I purchased the Florentine was out of the city at the time; I could not turn it over to him for a month at least. In such a case the logical thing for me to do was to place the art treasure in some safety vault, while engage in certain vital affairs of my own, which the theft of the ruby made necessary. But I did not do the logical thing; a man in a state of mental anxiety and distraction cannot be depended upon to be wholly rational and circumspect; and as I went about making hurried preparations, I carried the seventeen-thousand-dollar maiden along with me, giving the box as little attention and concern as one more normal mentally might a box of bonbons.

As pertains the Ruby of Roo, it need hardly be said that I was determined to recover it at all hazards, at any cost. The search, perhaps (to use an ancient simile) would be like looking for a needle in a haystack. No matter. Something seemed to tell me that the Rajah Mazajinfizzi—that suave and swarthy Prince of India—and I were destined to meet again; that there would be a reckoning and an accounting; and that at the next encounter I would be on the glad end of it!

Suddenly, on Broadway, I stopped short, rooted to the spot with amazement. Just ahead of me, a gentleman was getting into a taxi. He was neatly attired, tall, slender, very erect and swarthy of countenance. "Mazajinfizzi!" I gasped, and rushed forward as fast as I could. He must have discovered me at the instant (perhaps a little before), for I saw him give hurried directions to his driver; the car leaped ahead, on down the street. Fortunately, a second taxi was near at hand, empty and heading the same way as the one bearing the man I was after. I jumped in.

"Where to?" asked the driver of the taxi.

"'Where?' Anywhere!" I exclaimed, incoherently, "but don't let that taxi in front of us get out of sight for one instant!"

He asked no more questions, but started off with a speed, skill and disregard for traffic regulations which pleased me mightily. He knew his business, that driver did, and he attended to it conscientiously. In and out thru a maze of streets the car ahead darted and twisted; evidently the fare had discovered that we were following, and had instructed his driver to shake us off. It could not be done! I began to feel a sort of exhilaration in the chase, especially so since the young man at the wheel in front of me was proving in so satisfactory a manner that he was wholly equal to the occasion and requirements. On, on we sped, never gaining on the car ahead—but never losing an inch despite their frenzied efforts and resourceful tactics.

Now, I think I may say that I am not commonly given to self-praise, nor do I suffer from exaggerated and ingrowing ego; but now, at the way things were going, a sort of boastful conceit seized upon me, or rather upon the trend of my thoughts. This is about the way I sized things up: The Rajah Mazajinfizzi had not been away from the galleries for more than threequarters of an hour at the most—and already I was hot upon his trail. I had him turning and twisting like a worm in a hot skillet in his frantic tho wholly futile efforts to get away from me.

Considering the Rajah's reputation for cunning, subtle scheming, intrigue and almost uncanny powers to elude pursuers when occasion demanded, I felt that I was doing remarkably well indeed to have cornered him, and got him into such close and uncomfortable quarters in so short a time. I knew, of course, that I would eventually get him—but I had hardly expected to run him thus to earth quite so easily and so soon.

"Nice work," I reflected, holding the lacquer-ware box complacently in my lap, "very nice work, indeed!"

For some time now the car ahead had made no turn; it was evidently proceeding with some definite destination in mind. This belief was confirmed when, in glancing hurriedly out of the window, I saw that we were approaching the Pennsylvania Station.

The taxi in front came to a stop before the entrance; in another moment the occupant was hurrying within the great structure. I paid my driver, adding a substantial tip to the fare, then lost no time in following after the man I sought. What if he should be able to elude me after all, in the seething, jostling throngs around us! The thought added speed to my step, and renewed determination of purpose.

For an interval he was lost to my view; then I caught sight of him again, hastening on toward one of the ticket windows. My first impulse was to follow in closely behind him; then, on second thought, I decided to go around to the other end of the line and meet him just as he would be leaving with his ticket.

This maneuver I put into successful execution. I confronted him, face to face, as he was turning toward the exits leading to the trains. For an instant our eyes met; mine searchingly, accusingly; his own dark orbs filled first with wonderment (feigned, no doubt), then with resentment that I had barred his way.

He thrust me aside and went on without so much as turning to look back; and I, who had planned to do so much, stood there impotently watching him depart!

It was the Rajah Mazajinfizzi in counterpart only; a dark-skinned individual I had never seen until he entered the taxi on Broadway, made up and waiting my appearance; a man of the Rajah's build, height, complexion, a fellow countryman, fellow conspirator, rigged up to impersonate the real Rajah with the sole purpose to deceive me, to lead me off on a wild-goose chase, thus giving Rajah Jin himself ample time and opportunity to make good his own escape.

So then, my boastful, self-satisfied reflections in the taxi were a trifle premature. I was the easy mark—not Mazajinfizzi! Duped, buncoed by this wily, oily Prince of India—Prince of Tricksters!

It was the second show-down in the game we played, and just as before it was myself who assumed the inconsequential and humiliating role of—the goat.

CHAPTER III.

INTO THE UNKNOWN.

I WAS learning. It needed just some jolt as that right off the bat to show me what I was up against. It was to be a battle of wits from the start, and I was matching mine against one of the smoothest, craftiest strategists of the Orient! If I succeeded in regaining the Ruby of Roo, my plan of action must be no haphazard one, but every step taken with the utmost caution; every move must be a carefully weighed means to an end.

It was only reasonable to surmise that the Rajah Mazajinfizzi would lose no time in departing from the city. Where, then, would he go? Direct to India? Hardly probable. He would conclude that a search would be made by me of all ships leaving for the Orient; consequently, he would likely embark for some other destinations. But where? By a system of elimination I conceived the idea that he would sail at once with one certain port in mind—the island of Fhu-boo-loo. Once safely there, he could live in comparative quiet for a time, acquire other jewels, and cross over to India at his convenience. I decided to watch, so far as lay in my power, all departing vessels, but more especially those bound for the Southern seas.

In matters of this nature (in the most thrilling of all games—a man hunt) the adopting of disguise seems to have fallen into sad repute, and to have gone almost wholly out of fashion and practice, such devices being given over to the deep-dyed villain of the melodrama; and yet I now felt that some sort of disguise was absolutely necessary and indispensable.

At the time of my meeting with the Rajah at the American Art Galleries, I was wearing a full beard and a mustche; these would have to go—sacrificed for the cause. With my Florentine under my arm, I hurried into the depot tonsorial parlors; when I emerged my face was as destitute of hirsute adornment as that of a Michael Angelo cherub. So far, so good; I could scarcely recognize myself. I hastened forth and took a car for my haberdasher's. There I [illegible]placed my long black overcoat and soft hat with a coat of check pattern and a plaid cap. This competed a metamorphosis which seemed to me wholly adequate; at any rate, I decided that my attempt at disguise would have to go at that.

All this accomplished, I proceeded down toward the docks. Along the vast water-front with its myriad and multifarious shipping, one might think that my chance of running across the elusive Mazajinfizzi was about on a par with a likelihood of finding Astrachan caviar at a cheap boarding-house. Yet I was nott depending solely on myself, but upon an old acquaintance of mine, Rodney Bond, an ancient mariner who now held a snug berth as a sort of special watchman along the piers. Rodney was sure to know many of the ships in the harbor;when they were due to clear, and those which contemplated sailing at once, as well as the hoped-for destination of each. My search now was for Rodney, rather than for the Rajah.

My attention was attracted at length to a ship which, from all appearances, was about to weigh anchor. Sailors were scurrying about the deck, obeying the stentorian orders of a heavy-set officer (the first mate) who seemed bent on getting things shipshape in the shortest possible time.

It was a trim, three-mast sailing vessel; and what first caught my notice to it was the realistic and lifelike figurehead upon the bowsprit. It was a woman, life size, beautifully shaped and molded. The face was of pleasing contour, the features regular and delicately tinted; her hair, parted in the center, was burnished and gilded so that in the rays of the late afternoon sun it glowed and gleamed like a beacon light. One arm was folded across her breast; the other stretched forth as tho pointing forward to happy, mysterious realms which her own calm eyes could penetrate, but which were far beyond the ken and vision of mere mortals.

All told, there was a grace and beauty of line about the image which reminded me strongly of the little Florentine under my arm; in short, I had never before beheld so beautiful and striking a figurehead as this which adorned the bowsprit of the Maid of Normandy. But I could linger no longer; time was precious. Reluctantly I passed on to other ships and other scenes in my search for old Rodney Bond.

For an hour or more I wandered along the busy labyrinth of wharves and piers. My search was futile. I could not find my sailor friend, nor any one who could tell just where to look for him. Discouraged at last, I began retracing my steps. Once more I came along close to the Maid of Normandy, for to my surprise she had not yet slipped her cable, tho it was plain enough she was at last about to do so.

The gang-plank, however, was still in place. Just as I drew near two figures hurried across it, as tho to make their boarding a matter of as little ado as possible; a gentleman and his valet—the Rajah Mazajinfizzi and his companion of the American Art Galleries!

I rushed forward—too late.

The gang-plank raised before I could set foot upon it, and the ship swung out with a great rattling of chains and tackle. Frantically I called out, if any one heard the call, certainly no heed was given, and the ship began to gather way.

Was Fate, after permitting me to get this close to the fleeing Prince of India, about to allow him to escape under my very eyes with the precious Ruby of Roo? It began to look that way. The thought was maddening; and yet I could only stand impotently by, and watch with straining orbs the departing vessel.

Suddenly I became conscious of the fact that a dory was riding the water out in front of me, in which sat a small, wizened old man. He was regarding me with no little amusement, mingled with shrewd, calculating scrutiny.

"Missed 'er, hey!" he piped up shrilly.

"Yes," I answered curtly.

His little, ferret eyes seemed to twinkle.

"Want to catch 'er?"

"Do I! Say—do you think I came here just to wish that ship bon voyage?"

"Want to catch 'er?" he repeated unemotionally.

"I'd give a thousand dollars to board that ship!" I exclaimed fervidly.

"I'll put ye aboard," he answered, with a trifle more animation, "for a thousand!"

It was an opportunity; I was ready, eager to grasp at it as a drowning man would grasp at a straw; even so, I felt that it was now incumbent upon me to hedge—to modify my first rash offer.

"You can do that?"

"Yes."

"But—how do I know?"

"I'm tellin' ye!"

"Well—let's see; we may be able to get together on this——"

"I'm waitin'."

"But of course I couldn't pay you anything like a thousand dollars."

"No?"

"Certainly not."

"What will ye pay?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

The sudden drop from a thousand to twenty-five seemed to him in no way inconsistent or peculiar; he rowed in to where I stood.

"Get in," he said. In another moment

BE SURE and read Will Gage Carey's fascinating, humorous story in this issue, "INTO THE UNKNOWN; or, RAJAH AND RUBY." It is another thrilling chase after "The Ruby of Roo." Look out next week for a remarkable story of love and mystery, entitled, "A JUDGE'S MISTAKE; or, THE WRONG TRAIL," by Annie Brownlee Quimby. Read it and find out what happened when a convict returned and fell in love with the daughter of the Judge who had sentenced him to prison. It is a corking story. Read it, and look out the following week for "MISS BLUNT, DETECTIVE; or, MYSTERY WITHIN MYSTERY," by the famous story writer, Crittenden Marriott. You will find it one of the greatest stories that ever appeared in the LEDGER.

I was being rowed away into the wake of the Maid of Normandy.

There was something about this old gentleman which inspired confidence and belief; still I could not forbear asking, at length: "You are sure you can get me aboard that ship?"

"Sure."

"How?"

He stopped rowing to light his pipe, shielding the match from the strong breeze with his gnarled hands.

"How are you going to get me aboard?" I repeated.

"Well—she's got to have a pilot," he answered, "to get out to sea, ain't she?"

"Yes; I presume so."

"Sure she has."

"Are you a pilot?"

"Not me."

"Then how——"

"The pilot she'll take on is a friend of mine."

"I see."

"I'll fix it with him."

"Fine."

"She'll likely be laid out so long it'll be dark by the time the pilot takes 'er over; ye'll climb right up the ladder behind him——"

"Yes—yes."

"An' when ye get over the rail, ye duck, see?"

"What for?"

"So not to get the pilot in bad."

"I understand."

"Sure; jes' keep well out of the way till she gets out to sea—then fix it with the Ol' Man——"

"The captain?"

"Yes—fix it up with him best ye can."

"I can do that all right," I responded easily.

Evidently my guide and helper held no such confidently optimistic views on that point. He wagged his head vaguely, shrugged his shoulders, and drew hard upon his pipe; but he made no verbal comment. I sank back in my seat, lost now in my own reflections.

In my mind's eye I could picture the Rajah Mazajinfizzi up there ahead in the Maid of Normandy, smugly complacent, laughing in his sleeve, doubtless, at his success in completely eluding me; sublimely unconscious of the fact that in a small dory in the wake of his ship there was one already close upon his trail!

Just what course should be taken—once I was aboard the same ship with the Rajah—was yet to be decided; it would depend wholly upon events themselves, and could not be thought out ahead. Certainly, however, up to the time of my entering the dory, such a thing as an immediate start on a voyage to Southern seas had not entered my head; otherwise I would have found some place of safety in which to leave my Florentine behind; now I could see no other way for it save that she tag right along with me, sharing with me pleasures and perils alike; rather a high-priced companion to take along on a mission so uncertain, but there was nothing else now to be done.

An hour later I was safely aboard the Maid of Normandy.

At last we were out of the North River heading for the open sea. From my place of concealment behind a bulk of cargo on the after-deck, I watched with mingled emotions the glare of lights from the towers of a metropolis grow fainter and fainter. What would happen, what strange eventualities arise, what dangers, uncertainties—fatalities, perhaps—before this trim little ship again wound her course thru the maze of North River!

And out in front on the bowsprit I knew that the lady with the calm eyes and golden hair was pointing steadily, grimly ahead; pointing out thru the darkness to those far, far realms beyond—mysterious lands of fantasy whose shadowy depths only she could fathom and understand.

CHAPTER IV.

BETRAYED.

I WAS as welcome aboard the Maid of Normandy as the measles. This conclusion was forced upon me at an early hour the following morning when I sought out the captain. His astonishment at beholding me was only equaled by his displeasure at learning he had a stowaway along. But there are few mental aches and afflictions of this nature which a vigorous massage of gold will not soothe and ameliorate.

He asked, brusquely, for what port I imagined I was bound. I told him, truthfully enough, that I did not know; and (with less truth) that I had taken a sudden notion for a sea voyage, which the state of my health demanded; that I was amply supplied with funds—what he asked for passage I would gladly pay; that all I required was a small, secluded stateroom where I would neither interfere nor be subject to interference; and I handed over a crisp, new bill that spoke far more eloquently than any words of mine.

That, in a measure, righted things between Captain Boyer and myself. He had me and my ridiculously insignificant luggage (the box containing the Florentine) shown to comfortable quarters; my meals were to be brought to me. Later, the captain came aft to talk with me, and I found that he was by no means a bad sort; that much of his earlier ill-humor was occasioned by certain sealed orders which he had just read—orders from the ship's owners to proceed several hundred miles out of his regular course, so he confided to me.

"And the object, Captain?" I asked, with more interest than I cared to show.

"To land a certain personage connected with some royal court of India, as I get it——"

"At what port?"

"On an abominable, unholy and uncharted island called—Fhu-boo-loo."

Fhu-boo-loo! Beauteous, mysterious, anomalous isle; shimmering blotch of green, edged with a border of gleaming white sand, like a luxurious emerald set with diamonds; land of enchantment, calm content and bitter strife; ever alluring, ever dangerous. If King Maori, of that sunny isle, ever got his mitts on me it would be curtains!

It was upon Fhu-boo-loo that the Ruby of Roo came into my possession; rightfully, honestly bestowed by the owner of that wondrous jewel. But King Maori coveted that ruby with frenzied intensity equaled only by that of the Rajah Mazajinfizzi! And while the latter would ever depend upon intrigue and finesse, I knew that Maori, ruler of Fhu-boo-loo would stop at nothing to get possession of the world-famous jewel.

And now we were heading straight for Fhu-boo-loo! If I hoped to get the ruby away from the Rajah, it must be done before that verdant island was sighted—somehow, and I must act at once. This much, however, I determinued upon: if I failed to get the ruby while aboard the Maid of Normandy—if Mazajinfizzi landed upon Fhu-boo-loo with the Ruby of Roo concealed amongst his possessions—I would tip this interesting bit of information off to King Maori—watch them, then, fly at each other's throats; and, in the mix, make my own getaway with the ruby! But such a course would be hazardous, uncertain, with only a faint, slim chance for success. No—I must get the Ruby of Roo in some manner from the Rajah and his dusky valet; those two would be all I could hope to cope with—without King Maori kicking into the game and drawing cards for a showdown.

"With favorable winds, when will we sight this Island of Fhu-boo-loo, Captain?" I asked, at length.

"The winds," he answered, "will have but little to do with it."

"How so?"

He smiled at my very evident lack of knowledge pertaining to things nautical.

"While this is a three-master, with full sail equipment, we also have powerful Diesel engines—and, fair winds or foul weather we'll raise Fhu-boo-loo in a fortnight."

He left me soon then, tho I could see that he was fairly consumed with curiosity to know something more about me, which was natural enough, all things considered. Shortly after he sent me up some magazines and cigars, with a request that I let him know if there was anything I needed and required. Good old Captain Boyer! How many times have I wondered what fate was his, whatever became of the trim little Maid of Normandy.

That forenoon I stayed close within my stateroom, thinking it best to run no chance of the Rajah's getting the disquieting belief that he was being followed and shadowed. Late in the afternoon, however, I ventured forth upon deck. Not caring to risk the Florentine in my stateroom, I took it along under my arm. I found a chair in a sheltered nook, set the box down upon the floor beside me, lit a cigar and was soon deeply absorbed in a magazine.

I read until I became drowsy; the gentle roll of the ship seemed to lull my senses; I fell asleep.

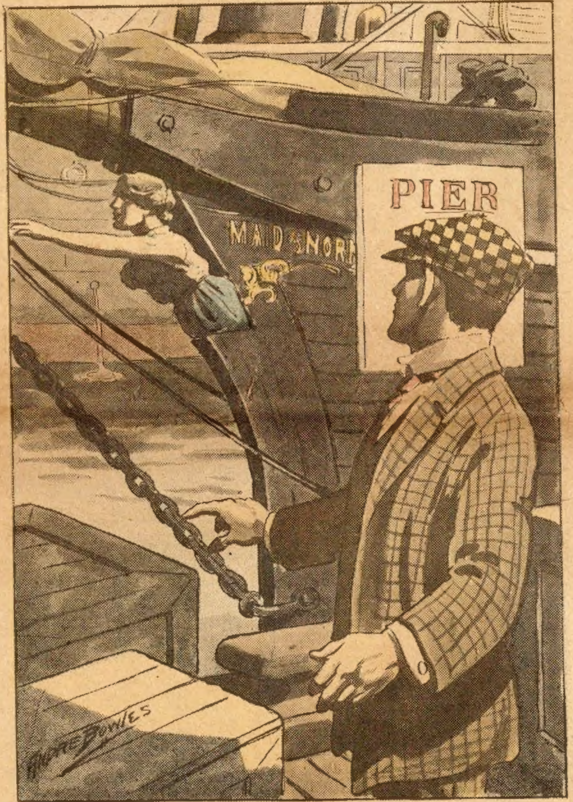
I awoke with a sudden start. No sound nor jar had disturbed me; rather a sort of mental shock—a presentiment that something was wrong. I remembered bringing the Florentine on deck with me; yes, there was the box by me upon my right, and I gave a sigh of relief. I reached over and picked it up; then the blood rushed to my head until I became giddy, and weak from mental anguish; for the box in my hands, while almost identical, was not the box I'd brought on deck!

With faltering steps, I made my way back to my stateroom. My key fitted; I raised the cover of this alien receptacle; within was a small block of wood. My precious Florentine was—gone!

To lose a seventeen-thousand-dollar treasure was bad enough in itself; yet this was not the depths of the disaster; for seeing the lacquer-ware box beside me (which they had noted so carefully in the American Art Galleries) my identity was at once revealed to the pair I was attempting to trail.

The little Florentine maiden, whom I was endeavoring to guard and protect, had (innocently enough) betrayed me to my enemies.

It was the handwork and craft of the wily Prince of India again; the third incident of our meeting; again I had been but the plaything—the dupe, of this swarthy, wily, but undeniably clever Mazajinfizzi.



The other hand stretched forth.

CHAPTER V.

CAUGHT.

WHEN misfortune sneaks up behind and hits one a swift jolt, it is an easy matter to see what should have been done. I had made mistakes, assuredly; costly ones, for which I was now having to pay. In the first place, it was an act of an imbecile to carry that Florentine bust around with me while on a wild chase after criminals who had forgotten more about subtle wiles and trickery than I ever knew. I could at least have returned it to the American Art Galleries, and left it there until called for; but I had been so obsessed with my determination to apprehend the Rajah, that I had simply blundered into losing another treasure of a value almost equal to that of the Ruby of Roo itself.

I began pacing up and down in my room, my brain awhirl with bitter thoughts and self-reproaches. Even at that very moment, like as not, the Rajah and his accomplice were in their suite, gleefully gloating over the ridiculously easy capture of the little Florentine.

I sat down upon the side of my bunk, and buried my face in my hands, miserable, distraught, well-nigh discouraged.

How was it possible for this gentleman of dark complexion and still darker deeds to have on board a ship hundreds of miles from port a singularly constructed box almost the exact counterpart of one he contrived to purloin? This question stumped me for a time; I figured it out in this way: That immediately after the attendant at the American Art Galleries brought me the box in which to place the Florentine maiden, the Rajah Mazajinfizzi hastened to make some trivial purchase merely to procure a box similar to mine, with a view to a stealthy swap at the first opportunity—for I could read in his eyes that he coveted the art treasure almost as much as he did the Ruby of Roo. This plan, however, had evidently been given over to the previously arranged one of leading me off on a cold trail to the Pennsylvania Station; but with the lacquer-ware receptacle still in his possession, he brought it into play at a fortunate moment (for him), when his carefully thought out maneuver was possible.

Well, it merely went to show the inexhaustive resource and ingenuity of the man; his attention to detail, his preparedness for any possible eventuality. Some Rajah!

My presence upon the ship known to the conspirators, my identity and undoubted purpose, any chance I may have had to regain the ruby had now depreciated fully one hundred per cent. This was brought about by my own carelessness and overconfidence. They knew nothing of my boarding the ship; I had disclosed my identity by placing by my side the lacquer-ware box—which was sure to attract the notice and attention of two such cunning individuals as the Rajah and his valet. Had I taken the precaution to wrap the box before taking it on deck, all would have been well and good; my fight could have been conducted against wholly unsuspecting enemies; but now—well, they held a strong hand and could stand pat. Could I still make good at the final show-down?

Having gained the friendship and good-will of Captain Boyer, it may appear strange that I did not go at once and lay the whole matter before him; so I should have done, perhaps. Two reasons restrained me: Knowing the consummate cunning of the Rajah, I felt that any search of his possessions would reveal neither the ruby nor the Florentine bust; he would have them effectually concealed, and I could produce no positive proof that he had stolen either the one or the other; and a personage of his rank and standing could not be held on mere accusation and suspicion. Secondly, he had flimflammed me with such astonishing case and frequency, that I now felt inclined to fight the thing thru by myself, relying upon my own resources and initiative. I'd get him yet, and I'd do it single-handed.

There being no particular need for seclusion now, I was frequently upon deck during the next few days, mingling freely among the passengers. I caught occasional glimpses, at a distance, of the Rajah Mazzajinfizzi, usually surrounded by a group of admiring ladies with whom he was undoubtedly a great favorite. Well, that was all right. He had discarded the conventional English attire for the supmtuous, flowing raiment of his native land, which became him immensely. With his fine face and figure, his polished manners, his keen wit, with all the charm and magnetism which the better class of Orientals ever seem to possess for Western femininity, no wonder he proved the center of attraction—the particular lion aboard the Maid of Normandy.

"The more of his time and attention they consume," I reflected, "the less will be given over to plotting and intriguing against me!"

But there was only a moiety of satisfaction in the thought. He already had my Ruby of Roo and my seventeen-thousand-dollar Florentine bust. If there was anything else left in my possession which suited his fancy, doubtless he would be after it!

The valet, too, was frequently upon deck, a less conspicuous figure, and one who, it seemed to me, was given more to serious reflection than to participation in the means customarily employed aboard ship to while away the time on

(Continued on Page 9.)

The Wronged Bride

-:- Or -:-

Truth at Last

By Jeannette King

Begun in No. 27, July 7. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER IV.

A DETAINING hand was laid on Beverly's shoulder. "Not so fast," said a deep, masculine voice, behind her.

Beverly stepped back and turned face about.

"Let me go," she demanded, as she glanced appealingly at the elderly man who had spoken.

"No," he said, "you have no right to take your life." Then, changing the tone that he had employed, he said commiseratingly, "Poor child, tell me what is troubling you. Don't be afraid. Perhaps I can help you."

"No one can help me," she said hopelessly.

"You are wrong," he answered. "Surely, you have committed no evil, that you should choose to die this way. Tell me, my dear," he said beseechingly. "If anybody can help you, I can. As a minister of God I may be able to bring peace to your troubled spirit, and redeem you from death."

Beverly was touched by the clergyman's gentleness and charity, and she poured forth her heart to him. All her troubles and sorrows, the trials that she had undergone, she told him.

"And where is your husband now?" he asked.

The girl hesitated. If she were to tell him that her husband was living, and that she had run away from home, he would advise her to return; so she determined to tell the second lie that led to her undoing.

"He is dead," she said slowly. It was scarcely a lie, she told herself. He was dead, to her.

"Poor child, and you are without any means of earning your living?"

Beverly nodded.

"Then we shall see what can be done. There is a dear old lady, whom I know, who is looking for a young woman of refinement, as you seem to be, as a companion. Do you think you would like to cheer her life?"

Tears of joy stood in the girl's eyes. Words failed her, but in her face the clergyman read the answer to his question.

"Very well," he said shortly, trying to hide his own feelings. "And now we can go home and see what Martha has put on the table for lunch. Then when you have eaten, and feel a bit stronger, we will go to see Mrs. Roberts."

"Who is Mrs. Roberts?" asked Beverly.

"She is the woman of whom I just spoke."

The day passed like a dream for Beverly; she felt as happy as a child, as she stood close to the minister's side, and listened to the arrangements that he and Mrs. Roberts were making for her future. At last, when everything was completed, he held out his hand in farewell. Beverly bent over swiftly and kissed it.

"I can never tell you," she cried, "how grateful I am to you for your kindness! Thruout my life I will remember and bless you for it."

"There, there!" he said deprecatingly. "It was nothing, nothing at all. I only hope that you and Mrs. Roberts will be happy together. I believe that you will, since you both need each other very much."

"I am sure we will," said Mrs. Roberts, cordially, as she reached out her arm and drew Beverly toward her. And in her heart Beverly echoed the sentiment that her new friend had voiced.

The next few weeks sped by on silver wings. There was a great deal to be done before either of them was ready to take the long voyage across the ocean to Mrs. Roberts' haunts in Italy. Each day there were innumerable trips to the big shops in the luxurious motor, the excitement of buying clothing and other supplies, and, after all this, the joy of opening the bundles as they came home. Mrs. Roberts was unusually kind to her young charge; she had taken a fancy to Beverly from the beginning, and she delighted in heaping presents upon her.

"You are too good to me," Beverly protested laughingly. "You are spoiling me with kindness."

The old woman patted her cheek affectionately.

"No, my dear," she answered, "I cannot be too good to one whom I love. You see, I myself cannot wear these dainty, light things which I have bought for you, but I love to see them on another, and since you are to be with me, all the time, I want to see them on you."

CHAPTER V.

FINALLY the day of departure dawned. It was a bright, cheerful morning when Beverly boarded the train for New York with her new-found friend. The clergyman was at the station to wish them Godspeed on their journey.

"I scarcely knew you," he said, turning to Beverly. "The three weeks that you have been with Mrs. Roberts have done you a world of good. You have color in your cheeks now, and your eyes are bright with good health and spirits."

"That is as it should be," Mrs. Roberts put in. "But I am afraid that I will not keep our young friend with me very long. It seems likely to me that some man will see her and recognize what a prize she is."

"Never!" said Beverly. "I shall never marry. For me there can never be another man."

"Perhaps, some day, when the wound has healed and you have forgotten the great sorrow that robbed you of the man you loved, you will meet another to take his place."

But Beverly only shook her head resolutely. "If they only knew!" she said to herself, many times that day, as they sped across the country to the ship that would carry them farther and farther from John Lawson.

The years passed in one unbroken dream of peace. Whatever had been Beverly's troubles in her past life, she never mentioned them, and life resumed for her once more a tranquil calm. Past sorrows and misfortunes were like a black background, against which her present life stood out in bold relief.

They found a pretty house on the banks of a broad river that threaded its way in and out among the grassy undulations like a band of sapphires. It had been built by an English lord who had had more money than he knew what to do with, and more whims than could be gratified in a lifetime. He had built it with airy balconies which overlooked the picturesque grounds that sloped gently down to the river's edge. Here it was that Beverly spent the happiest days of her life.

Mrs. Roberts was kindness itself; she saw to it that Beverly had time for her own pursuits, hours in which she could read and study. The girl's only duties consisted in answering the letters that came to her employer and in taking care of the few simple books that the affairs of the household required. Beyond that there was little else for her to do. Wherever Mrs. Roberts went Beverly accompanied her; or, when there were guests, which was not frequently, she helped to entertain them. Surrounded by all that was beautiful in life, and treated with the utmost kindness and good will, it was not surprising that within a short time Beverly changed wonderfully.

The old life fell away from her, and the beauty that had dazzled John Lawson returned with doubled brilliance. There were times, even, when she forgot the terrible past, when it seemed to her that life had always been a round of joy and laughter and flowers.

There were weeks at a time when she did not think of all of the wrongs and sufferings that had been hers. Then, some day, a little incident, the sight of a baby's flower face, would awaken in her all the cruel pain and bitterness that she had thought dead, long since. But it would pass again, and life would once more be a dream of sweet tranquillity.

Not once, however, did she think of the possible effect her going might have had on her husband. To her he was dead, as dead as if he were sleeping in the little graveyard just behind the church in Galena. That he might some day hold her to an accounting never occurred to her. He had wronged her, and she had left his house; that closed the matter as far as she was concerned.

But not so with John Lawson. For a long time after she had gone he kept up the search for her that he began the day she had disappeared. He succeeded in tracing her, two days after her departure, to the station where she had procured her ticket. The ticket agent did not seem to remember, until, after long questioning, it developed that there had been a young woman who had put fifteen dollars on the counter, and had asked him how far the money would carry her.

"That was my wife," said John. "Where did she go?"

"To Chicago," answered the stationmaster, laconically. He was a busy man, and so took no interest in the situation.

In Chicago it was not such an easy task to trace the girl. The detective agencies promised aid, but no trace of her could be found. It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her. John Lawson, after many weeks spent in the city, returned home a bitter and disappointed man. Always stern, his sternness became taciturnity and sullenness.

"It serves you right, John," said his mother. "You had no business to marry her. She was always a light, frivolous woman. It was what you could have expected."

"Some day I will find her and punish her," answered her son. "Some day—I do not know when—but when the time comes, I will punish her, if I have to die for it."

CHAPTER VI.

AT THAT moment when a human being feels most secure in life, Fate intervenes to show him what a pawn he is on the checkerboard of existence. So it was with Beverly. She considered her life the most secure thing in the world; nothing, she thought, could interfere with the trend of her present mode of living. The past lay across the ocean; the future did not exist. But the momentous events of our life come to us without warning.

On that bright, sunny morning that heralded the coming of Viscount Cramer, Beverly, all unconscious that the real tragedy of her life had begun, greeted the sun with a gladsome cry.

"How wonderful it is to live!" she said, as she gazed out of the window. The blue band of the river was touched with the gold of the sun, as it darted and gleamed on its sparkling surface. The song of the birds, the gentle rustle of the leaves, everything combined made for beautiful thoughts. She had never been calmer or happier in her life. All the sorrow was gone; she could not even remember that it had existed.

Then, as she glanced at the silver inlaid clock on the dressing-table, she knew that it was time to go downstairs. Mrs. Roberts was standing near one of the French windows of the breakfast-room, talking to a gentleman whose face Beverly could not see. She wondered who he was, and what he was doing there, at this hour. At the sound of her footstep both the hostess and her guest turned about.

"My dear," said Mrs. Roberts, advancing toward her with outstretched hand, "I want you to meet my nephew, Viscount Cramer. You have probably heard me mention his name, many times before—he is my sister's only son, and my favorite nephew."

Beverly muttered a few confused words of greeting. The tall man before her bent over the little hand that she extended. His face combined the hauteur of the Roman patrician with the idealism of a Galahad or a King Arthur. His eyes glowed with fire and vigor, the chin was firm, but the mouth was almost as sweet as a woman's when he smiled. His face was a face that combined tenderness and pride, passion and nobility. In short, it was a countenance that would awaken interest in any woman's mind, and cause her heart to beat the faster.

Then, before either of them had the opportunity to recover from the first flutter of the introduction, breakfast was announced, and the two ladies sat down with their guest. Beverly tried to recall, afterward, how the hour had passed; to her, it seemed like a long, sweet dream. She remembered that the Viscount had asked her if she sang, and she had answered in the affirmative. Then he had opened the piano, and she had sung for him all the old songs that her father had loved so much, and which she had not sung since his death. How long ago that seemed, and how many years had intervened since those days, bringing with them innumerable sorrows and infinite change. Her eyes grew dim with unshed tears as she thought of it all.

Beverly remembered, long afterward, when the day was done and the light had faded, that he had lingered by her side, talking to her, and stirring her blood with every word. Sometimes a delicious silence fell over them, a pause potent with the magic that it held. Then he could not keep his eyes from seeking hers, or from watching the light and shadow that played across her face. Her beauty intoxicated him like rare old wine.

"I cannot help it," he said apologetically, when he noticed her start under the intentness of his gaze. "I do not mean to be rude, but I cannot help myself. You will forgive me?"

She nodded dumbly; words had failed her completely. At last he arose to go. He was forced to hurry away to his own apartments before it grew too late and Mrs. Roberts might scold him. And so Viscount Cramer went home, stirred for the first time by a woman's voice and the beauty of her face.

"I will win her if she is to be won," he said to himself that night, and in the many days that succeeded he reiterated his statement, making it more vehement as the time passed.

Five weeks had gone by since Viscount Cramer had first seen the fair face and the golden hair of the woman that he had grown to love with all the passion of his soul. Life for Beverly had changed, too, in the interval, but as yet she had not owned to herself that she loved this dark, godlike man, altho her whole life merged in his.

In fact, so innocent was she of all knowledge of what love between man and woman was that she did not know that she loved the Viscount with all the fervor of her starved heart. To do her justice, if she had foreseen to what her attachment to him would lead, if she could have known that she was in love with him, she would have fled from Mrs. Roberts' home to the ends of the world. But the realization came too late, and the might of her love carried her on to destruction.

The Viscount only waited an opportunity of declaring his love; but he had so much at stake, and he feared an unfavorable answer so much, that he could not bring himself to the point of making a declaration, and let many a golden chance slip by.

"I will tell her tomorrow," he said to himself; but on the morrow he fancied that Beverly had treated him coldly, or there were guests about, and he found neither the courage nor the opportunity for declaring his love.

One afternoon, when he had determined to cast the die and put his entire future at her feet, she had sent him word by a servant that she could not see him until evening. A few minutes after she had caused the message to be delivered, she heard the purr of his motor on the road beyond, and she knew that he had gone; but she did not leave her room until the sun was low in the western sky.

There was company for dinner, that evening, a Florentine lady and one or two Americans who spent all their leisure time in Italy. Altogether, it was a pleasant party, but for Beverly it held no interest. Viscount Cramer had failed to put in an appearance. Not for the whole world would she have made any comment on his absence to Mrs. Roberts, but, nevertheless, she wondered what had kept him away.

"Perhaps I have offended him," she thought, and her heart was heavy with the fear of it.

At last, when the meal was over, and somebody suggested music, she had sung, but her voice lacked the freshness and beauty which it had held when she had first sung for the Viscount. Mrs. Roberts silently noted this.

"You are tired, my dear," she said, after her guests had departed. "I think you had better retire early. I, too, am tired, but the heat of the day seems to have sapped your usual vigor."

"Yes, I do feel the effects of the heat," Beverly admitted, "and before I go to bed I should like to walk on the terrace. You need not wait up for me, if you do not want to. I shall not be gone long, however."

Totally unconscious of what was awaiting her, she walked down to the river's brink. The scene was almost as light as day. The moonbeams played on the river and the thick foliage on its banks. It possessed Beverly, as she moved among the flowers.

"My darling," said a voice close to her side, "you have come at last. I have been waiting a long time."

She was startled. Two warm hands clasped her own, two eyes, all aflame with love and passion, looked into her own.

"George!" she murmured in astonishment. It was the first time that she had ever used the Viscount's Christian name.

Viscount Cramer folded her in his arms, and rained kisses on her face, her lips, on the golden hair that lay in ripples over her smooth white brow.

For the time being, Love had drugged her conscience. The unhappy marriage of the past, whose wretched ties still bound her, was forgotten; everything, past, present and future, was submerged under its golden waters. Not until the Viscount mentioned marriage did she think of it at all. Then, of a sudden, the sleeping past awoke to torment her with its realities. Its accusing finger followed her night and day; its mocking laughter rang in her ears. At the threshold of happiness she was held back by its forbidding arm.

She tried to tell the man she loved that she was married, but the words died on her lips; and because of her great love, she decided to make the sacrifice of herself, knowing that she probably would be guilty of bigamy, and marry the man whose kindred soul she was.

CHAPTER VII.

THE great drawing-room of the villa was a bower of roses on the day that Beverly was married. It was all like a dream, from the moment she awoke until her husband bent over her in the alcove, whispering, "My sweet wife!"

Viscount Cramer's wife! What right had she to the title? She was John Lawson's wife; the ties that bound her to that rough farmer still existed, as far as she knew. Now she had denied them, and the laws of God and man would be his avengers. Why, she thought, had not Cramer been the farmer, and John the nobleman? She would have gladly spent her life on the dreariest farm in existence with him for a companion.

She made a desperate effort to recover herself, as she stood near the improvised altar that groaned under the weight of its flower coverings. It would never do to give in; she had taken the irrevocable step, and she must abide by her decision. For his sake she must be cheerful, she must smile and seem fair and gay, altho her heart might be breaking. It was the sacrifice that love demanded of her, and she was ready to pay its exacting price.

The memory of that second wedding day remained with Beverly until she died. If it had not been that her heart was heavy with fear, she would have been supremely happy; but forever afterward the knowledge of her wrongdoing was to haunt her.

Then the time came to say good-by. Tears and laughter blended in the affectionate farewell that she bade her friend and benefactress. Finally the motor came, and Beverly and her husband rode off to the city, where an early train carried them away to a mountain retreat in Switzerland; here they spent the first few weeks of their married life.

At last it was time to go home. Viscount Cramer had many things that needed his attention, and he was anxious to see his young wife settled in their magnificent estate, a few miles from London. Little did Beverly know what this home-coming would be. The pile of stately buildings, the old towers, the beauty of the gardens all enchanted her; she had never dreamed that life could hold such luxury and magnificence. It was a fairyland such as she had read about when she was a child. She contrasted this home with the one that John Lawson had offered her, and she smiled. Nobody would believe that she, Lady Cramer, had ever been a farmer's wife.

Her happiness, the wonderful new life and the great distance that separated her from the man whom she had once called husband, and whom she loathed with all her strength, lulled her conscience to rest. Poor Beverly! In the excitement and social whirl in which she found herself the past fell again from her vision, and she believed that life extended before her in one unbroken sequence of happiness and love.

Five years had passed since Viscount Cramer had brought his beautiful wife home, and time had carried with it many honors and wonderful gifts. Viscount Cramer was one of the leaders in Parliament; his name was on every tongue, and Beverly shared his high position with the grace and queenliness of one to the manor born.

Looking back on her past, she marveled at the height to which she had attained. She was a great favorite at Court; fashionable, wealthy ladies, even the nobility, looked upon her as their leader. But vanity did not enter into her life, and she remained the same sweet, unspoiled woman that Viscount Cramer had wooed and won in Italy.

There was little fear in her heart now; time had proved a wonderful opiate. It was ridiculous to think that John Lawson would ever find her, in her lofty position, four thousand miles from where he lived. Perhaps he had even thought her dead, and had married again. She hoped that it was so. There had been a time when she had feared detection, when she could never face a group of travelers from the States without thinking that he might be among their number. But the years had gone by, and she had never seen him. She smiled now at the absurdity of the idea; people like John and his mother never traveled abroad. All the money that they made went back into the farm and improvements on it. Even if he had come to England, she argued, there was little chance of her seeing him. No, she was sure that she and John Lawson would never face each other again, and so she put her conscience to sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

AND then came the time when she saw John Lawson. One morning, when she went to a fashionable West End shop to select a set of toilet articles which she was sending to Mrs. Roberts, the blow fell. She reached the shop and entered, leaving the motor waiting outside. The proprietor himself was informed that Lady Cramer was there, and he hurried forward to wait on her.

He showed her the handsomest sets in his stock, but Beverly was not satisfied; what she wanted was simplicity combined with elegance. So engrossed was she in explaining her wants to the obsequious owner that she did not notice the man who had entered the shop behind her, nor did she observe that he stopped short when his gaze fell upon her face.

He watched her keenly while she talked, with sullen revenge and gloomy pain deepening in his eyes. Then, as he noticed the proprietor move away, to go in search of finer, daintier articles, he made a detour and came up from behind. Suddenly Beverly felt a heavy hand on her shoulder, a shadow fell between her and the glass case over which she had been bending.

"You are my wife, Beverly," a voice muttered in her ear, and, looking up, she beheld John Lawson.

For a moment the world grew black before her eyes. Everything vanished, and she was back again on the farm, tortured by this man whom she had once called husband. Then she thought of the Viscount Cramer, the man she loved, the man who meant the world to her. For his sake she must deny it all.

"You are my wife," John Lawson repeated.

Beverly turned around, her face deadly white, but neither fright nor emotion in her words.

"I beg your pardon," she said in well-bred surprise, "but you are mistaken."

It was for the Viscount's sake that she faced John Lawson with a lie. The man roughly reiterated his claim on her. A smile fluttered to her lips and died again.

"I am not your wife," she declared. "You are either mistaken or mad."

"I am neither," he said stoutly. "You may deny it now, if you dare, but I tell you that you shall come back with me, if the heavens fall! You are coming back with me. Do you hear?"

John Lawson raised his voice to such a pitch that several of the clerks came running to see what was causing the disturbance. At last the proprietor returned; one glance told him that everything was not as it should have been. He was extremely agitated to think that Lady Cramer had been so grossly insulted in his shop by a rough stranger.

"Let go the lady's arm!" he said angrily. "How dare you insult her?"

"You have no right to interfere," said John, arrogantly. "I tell you this woman is my wife. She ran away from home many years ago; she left her only child dying. Let her deny it if she can."

The proprietor turned to Beverly with an apology.

"I am sorry, my lady," he said. "I will give the man over to the authorities."

"No," responded Beverly, graciously. "It is merely a case of mistaken identity. He has made a mistake, and that is no crime."

With these words, she swept out of the shop; John Lawson tried to follow her, but two of the clerks held him back by main force, while the owner of the shop escorted his patroness to her car.

Once inside it, the calmness of her manner fell from her shoulders like a cloak. Now that she was living in London, or near it, she knew that he would hunt her down and make her pay in blood and tears for the few years of happiness that her life had held. The justice of earth and heaven would be meted out to her, and she looked for no mercy from this man. He would make her pay the price. As she thought of the sorrow it would bring on her husband, she buried her face in her hands and wept.

That evening her husband looked at her with alarm; he could not understand why her face was pale as death one moment and flushed with crimson the next; why she started at the slightest noise and walked about in agitation.

"You are not well," he said anxiously. "This season has been too much for you. I think you need a rest. Perhaps one of the resorts on the Continent would furnish you with it."

"No, no," she said. "I do not want to go abroad. I would like to go to The Haven."

The Haven was the Viscount's country estate, the place where Beverly had spent the first year of her married life.

Viscount Cramer walked across the room to where his wife was sitting, and bending over, kissed her.

"Just as you say, my darling," he said tenderly, "and I will join you as soon as I am able."

Beverly sought her maid and made hasty preparations for her departure. There, at The Haven, he could not find her, and she would be safe. She urged her maid to hurry, so that everything would be in readiness for an early start.

"I am leaving in the morning," she told her husband, and altho he was a little surprised at her anxiety to depart, he attributed it to the nervous tension under which she was laboring.

The morning came and brought with it a certain measure of relief. After all, she was going away, and John would never find her. The Viscount must never know, he must never suspect that her past life held a shadow that, at any time, might fall and darken their future happiness. She prayed Heaven to spare her this misery, for she felt that if he once knew the truth, life would be a changed and bitter thing for him.

"I am safe," she repeated to herself, as the hour for going away drew nearer, and John Lawson did not come to darken her life. "I am safe at last."

Poor Beverly! At that moment, when she thought herself the safest, on the very threshold of her home she was stopped. John Lawson had hunted her down and discovered her hiding-place.

"Beverly, you are my wife!"

The same hard, determined words, the same grim voice uttering them. Viscount Cramer took a step forward, as if to strike the insolent fellow, but his wife held out a detaining hand.

"Do not strike him, dear," she said. "He is mad."

"I will not have you persecuted by a madman. Has this man annoyed you before?"

"Yes," answered John, "if you wish to call it persecution. I saw Beverly for the first time yesterday, in a little shop in the West End. It is many years since she ran away from home, leaving a dying baby. I told her yesterday, when I met her, that she would have to come home with me, and so she shall. By Heaven, I swear it!"

"You will speak respectfully of Lady Cramer," said the Viscount, haughtily.

John Lawson uttered a short, rasping laugh.

"She is my wife," he insisted. "She is not Lady Cramer. Hear me out, your lordship," he continued. "I can prove what I am going to tell you. If I am mistaken, then I shall be only too glad to beg your pardon and go away. But I am not; Beverly is my wife, and if you do not let me tell my story, I will proclaim it to the whole world."

Viscount Cramer made a motion of assent, and so John Lawson began his story. He sketched it for the nobleman in all its bare details and glaring colors, and when he had finished, Beverly, who had heard him thru to the end, turned pale and collapsed.

"See!" said John, pointing to the deathlike face. "Now will you believe that what I told you is the truth? Now will you let me urge my just claim?"

"No, no!" said the Viscount, in agony. "She is ill; she may be dying." He walked up the stairs to the spot where Beverly had fallen, expecting the man to follow, but as he reached his wife's side, a queer sound struck his ears. It was a sharp, gurgling noise, then a thud, as of a falling body.

Viscount Cramer wheeled about quickly. There, three steps below him, lay John Lawson, a thin stream of blood pouring out from between his lips. Rage, despair and revenge had taken their toll. The man was dead.

That was the doctor's verdict when he came. Some strong and terrible emotion had caused him to break a blood vessel, and the sudden rush of blood had choked him. Death had been instantaneous. Then the doctor looked critically at Beverly.

"She has undergone a terrible strain, and it has been too much for her," he informed the Viscount. "She will need complete rest."

They carried her to her room, where she had spent so many happy hours of her life, and there she fought a battle royal with King Death. Many and many a time they despaired of her life, but youth and a splendid constitution spared her. At last, when she was well enough, they told her what had happened on that memorable morning, and she was terribly shocked to learn of the fate that had befallen John Lawson.

"The man was mad," said the Viscount.

There was a pause. Beverly felt that she must own the truth, tho it would cost her his love.

"No," she said slowly, "he was not mad. That was the truth."

Viscount Cramer bowed his head.

"Do not be angry with me," she pleaded. "I was young and inexperienced. I did not think, and I loved you. Oh, I cannot tell you how much I did love you! Try to understand and forgive me!"

Viscount Cramer looked into her eyes that shone with unutterable love.

"The world does not know," he said; "I do not want it to know. Today we will have the ceremony reread, and you will be my wife in truth."

And so saying, he took her into his arms and kissed her.

The End.

* * *

Preparing for War.

Mrs. Jenkins had missed Mrs. Brady from her accustomed haunts, and hearing several startling rumors concerning her went in search of her old friend.

"They tell me you're workin' 'ard night an' day, Sarah Ann," she began.

"Yes," returned Mrs. Brady. "I'm under bonds to keep the peace fer pullin' the whiskers out of that old scoundrel of a 'usband o' mine, an' the magistrate said if I come afore 'im ag'in, or laid me 'ands on the old man 'e'd fine me forty shillin's."

"An' so ye're workin' 'ard to keep out of mischief?"

"I'm what? Not much! I'm workin' 'ard to save up the fine!"

KEROSENE BURNERS IN OLD COOK STOVES.

A new appliance which not only saves time and money, but which will lighten the burden of many housewives, is being placed on the market by the Standard Burner Company, Dept. B-501, 845 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago. It is a kerosene burner that can be attached to your old cook stove in fifteen to thirty minutes, and instead of having to kindle your fire and wait for it to burn, you simply turn a valve, apply a match, and in five minutes you have a blazing hot fire. Your kitchen is not overheated in Summer—as with coal and wood fires.

There are no wicks in this appliance, it does away with dirt and gives off no unpleasant odor. Anyone desiring to secure one of these Burners on 30 days trial can do so by addressing the above mentioned firm.—Advt.

Don't Take a Trip With a Corn

DON'T handicap yourself in a business way or socially with a painful corn. There's no need to keep your mind on your corn.

Blue-jay—the easy way—brings instant relief from pain. And your corns are gone in 48 hours. That is, the average corn. Some very stubborn cases require a second or third treatment.

Millions upon millions of corns have been removed the Blue-jay way. Millions of families keep a supply on hand, and they never have corns. You, too, can be freed now and forever.

Paring corns brings only temporary relief. And harsh liquids are dangerous. Blue-jay is the scientific way.

BAUER & BLACK
Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Sold by All Druggists
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Blue-jay
Stops Pain—Ends Corns
Instantly Quickly

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Total cost only $7.50 by Our 7 MONTHS TIME Purchase Plan

to prove to you that this magnificent Royal has the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone—to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the trust machines that sell at $25.00—to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious devices to start, stop and control the music. Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainments for one whole month. Return the outfit AT OUR EXPENSE if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop a postal for our big list of unsolicited testimonials, record book and other literature. They are free.

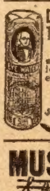
S. H. DAVIS, 1-T 6101 May St., CHICAGO

NO MONEY DOWN 2 CREDIT ALL $2 A MONTH

Genuine 15-17-19-21-Jewel Elgin, Waltham, Howard, or any watch you want, send for FREE CATALOG

96 pages of wonderful values, diamonds, watches, rings, jewelry, up-to-date designs. Buy the Ware Way, you will never miss the money. Get posted, write today.

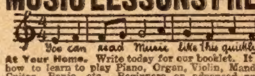
ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 752, St. Louis, Mo.



Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER

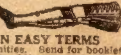
strengthens weak, inflamed eyes, and is an ideal eye wash. Good since 1795. Keep your eyes well and they will help keep you.

25c At All Druggists or Sent by Mail Upon Receipt of Price
Write for our Booklet, it is FREE
JOHN L. THOMPSON SONS & CO.
165 River St., Troy, N. Y.



MUSIC LESSONS FREE

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 37 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago



FIBRE LEGS ARMS
4-LB. FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
Orthopedic braces for all deformities. Send for booklet.
Ray Trautman, 624 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

The Wind Cave Mystery

-:- Or -:-

Haunts of Fear

By Frederic Knowles

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE doorknob opposite me rattled and then the polished panels gleamed as the light flashed upon them while they turned. I caught the outline of a figure in the dim hall.

"Hands up!" I cried, and threw my revolver forward.

"Hands up it is," said a voice that I should have known anywhere, altho I had not heard it for nearly eight years.

"Benny!" I cried; and my pistol barrel sagged downward.

He made no reply, but paused just inside the door and stood watching me a moment in silence. The same Benny of the old days, small, lithe and with that bearing of perfect assurance and the same look in his wonderfully intelligent eyes. It took me back to the last day I had seen him, that morning in Wells Canyon when I had bidden him good-by.

"Benny," I said foolishly, "I didn't look for you. Not you."

"No?" he said, but I could see he was pleased despite his noncommittal manner, and that our delight at this meeting was mutual.

"Not for you," I repeated, as we shook hands.

"You are heavier, Frank," he said presently.

"And you look just as you did at Wells Canyon," I told him.

"Almost eight years ago," he returned. "A great adventure, wasn't it, Frank? Do you remember you promised to write to me?"

"And I kept my word, too," I retorted.

"I never received your letters; I didn't go South as I expected when I left you. I have been everywhere since then, Frank.

"That explains it," I said. "And how did you come here? Why didn't you let a fellow know you were in the country?" I added, all in one breath.

"I did call on you," he returned, a curious glance in his eyes.

"What?"

"I did call on you," he repeated.

"When?"

"Last Sunday." His eyes twinkled.

"And so you were the mysterious visitor who unearthed my Uncle Henry's slippers and his favorite books and smoked so many cigarettes?" I gasped.

"And waited for you all day," he finished, "and only went away at the request of a lady. I have been in the woods since then," he finished.

"And what have you to report concerning this mysterious business? Of course, you are still in the Secret Service?"

"Yes, Frank, but I would like to hear your story. How did you come to be here?"

I dropped into a chair and began, while Benny sat across from me listening intently. A long story it was, and not without interest, I hope, and certainly rather unusual. The sun was glancing in thru the western window when I had finally finished. Benny sat silent for a little while.

"Quite remarkable," he said at last.

"And quite unexplainable," I added.

"Not so bad as that, Frank," he returned.

"I forget you have been about here for some days," I cried. "I suppose you know all about it. You always knew."

"You overestimate me, Frank."

"Remember Wells Canyon," I said.

"You were the principal actor there."

"But this affair is too much for me."

"Truly there were difficulties," said Benny, "but I hope we have surmounted them. You wish to hear my story?"

"Benny," said I, "if you don't stop tantalizing me, I'll hit you."

Benny smiled.

"Fire away," I commanded.

"The first thing is this," said Benny, and he drew a paper from his pocket and spread it on the table. It was a map of the State.

"Benny," said I, "I am disappointed."

"Oh," he retorted, "are you? What bounds this county on the north?"

"Canada," I returned promptly.

"Exactly."

"Well?"

"There is something for which the country north of us had been noted for years. What is it, Frank?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said vaguely. "What is it?"

"Prohibition," returned Benny, promptly.

"Oh," said I, beginning to understand.

"And so whisky smuggling is a very profitable business and almost worth the risk you see," finished Benny, as he folded up his map.

"There was a whisky flask in the boathouse," I told him. "It——"

"Yes," he said; "I took it."

"You? Why?"

"I wished to analyze the liquor."

"For what reason, pray?" I gasped.

"To see if it was the same stuff that had been received across the border a short time ago. I assure you it was most important."

"I don't doubt it, Benny, for you never do anything useless. But please remember I am all in the dark."

"Well," he began, "you have guessed that Arlington was a whisky-runner."

"Yes," said I.

"He was the leader of a gang of five or six men. They brought the stuff up the river secretly, and took it thru the lakes and swamps and across the border to some confederates who operate beyond the boundary. It is an ideal location for such work. The population is small and widely scattered. The few authorities look calmly the other way. But at last, thru some slip on the other side of the line it got out to us fellows. The head of the service sent me here, Frank, to investigate. If the report was true I was to have help later. I am not going to wait for that."

"You mean that you are——" I began.

"Just that, Frank," he interrupted. "I am going to get the whole outfit this evening. I have a plan that I do not believe will fail."

"Alone?"

Benny glanced at me curiously with those intelligent eyes of his.

"Of course," said I, "I'll help you."

"There is some danger, Frank."

"I have a blow coming at them, anyway," I said, thinking of Miss Arlington.

"To be sure, Frank," remarked Benny with uncanny penetration. "And so there is a woman in this, also?"

I flushed. "Her father asked me to watch out for her," I said briefly.

"Of course, Frank. You are magnanimous indeed." His face was quite sober, but his eyes were laughing. "I told Miss Arlington I was your friend," he added, "and she believed me. Perhaps it was because I was so entirely at home. I was at the table with those books denouncing liquor beside me when she knocked. I called 'Come in,' and never stirred—till she entered."

I caught his subtle compliment and did not like him any the less for it.

"And she told you of her father?" I questioned.

Benny nodded.

"And do you know how Arlington came to his death?"

"You remember the man you told me of that you saw at the window at the cabin and later at your cottage? He was the person who killed John Arlington. That night after his escape from the cottage at Wind Cave he went to the swamps, as you know, and surprised Arlington. This—er—creature was killed, but not till he had given Arlington his death wound. Arlington returned by a roundabout course to the cottage in the other's canoe.

"Benny," said I tensely, "you were frightened!"

"Frank," he leaned toward me with his voice low, "I hope never to see such a creature again. I know what fear is now."

"But what was he—what caused that appearance of death—that——"

"Did you ever hear of catalepsy, Frank?"

I nodded.

"It seems," went on Benny, "that he was attacked by this dread disease many years ago. It came on him at unexpected moments. Without warning he would be taken the way you saw him that night, Frank. Originally he was a trapper, and at lucid intervals still mingled with his fellows, but of late years they feared him, and he roamed the woods and swamps living as best he might from the country."

"Why was he a prisoner on the Glory that night they landed at Wind Cave? What were they intending to do with him?"

"The gang had received a sum, about two thousand dollars, from their confederates in Canada. One evening it disappeared. Arlington, as the leader, was not suspected at the moment. Evidence pointed to this creature, of whom we spoke a moment ago. They tortured him—and he confessed that he had taken it and hidden it in the hills. Only pain made him tell that. They were going with him to the supposed hiding-place when he broke away."

"And the money was not found?" I asked.

"Arlington was the guilty man, and that caused his death, as you know, for this creature came upon him and they fought it out, as I told you. In some manner Miss Arlington learned of the theft, thru her father or otherwise, and decided to return the money. That small package which you noticed in the stern of the Glory as you escaped yesterday had been thrown there by Miss Arlington as you went past. Of course, as your back was turned, you did not see that action of hers."

"But they are still demanding the money," I protested.

"And here comes the secret. Roper reached the launch first of all the crew, saw the packet, examined it, and decided to keep it for himself."

"The villain——" I began, but Benny interrupted me.

"Not so hard with him," he said. "If it were not for our friend Roper, we should yet be wallowing in the mire of mystery. I went away in the canoe, as Miss Arlington told you, accidentally fell in with Roper when he was alone, and made friends with him. I explained to him that I was in the smuggling business myself and needed a brave partner. Roper was already dissatisfied with the way things were going under Arlington's management and offered to go in with me. Of course I saw that he told me everything he knew. This, together with your story and Miss Arlington's, made everything plain as day."

"Then tell me why the Mouse was stolen from me that day."

"The Glory was tied up in a little inlet farther down the lake because of a shortage of lubricating oil. They 'borrowed' your boat and went across the lake. One of the gang returned with the oil while the others rested the storm out in the comparative comfort of the boathouse. They departed, of course, when the motor launch finally came for them. Simple, isn't it?"

"Quite," I told him. "But I don't understand how those tracks came there by the cabin in the woods."

"I can only offer you a supposition as to that, Frank. I visited the place before I ever came to your cottage—two or three days before, I believe—and I saw something you overlooked. There was an attic in the cabin and a rather cunningly hidden trapdoor in the roof. From a point twelve feet above the ground an active man can easily leap twenty feet forward. This place was that terrible creature's home. Probably in a fright at your approach he left by that way. This is only a suggestion, understand."

"And so you played with Roper to gain your ends?" I asked.

"It seemed the only way, Frank. And besides, he is a very thoro scoundrel. I should not hesitate a moment in using him any way to gain my ends. I am going to persuade him to turn State's evidence."

"And the lookout tree in the swamp—who used that?"

"Perhaps the smugglers, at times. I spent several hours there myself. You see, Frank, at first they were more careful, but as time went on and they were not molested, they began to grow brave and carry things on with a high hand, and so hung themselves."

"And you are going to capture them all tonight?" I asked. "How?"

"When they go to their headquarters."

"And where are they?"

Benny glanced at me a moment while he constructed a cigarette. "Wind Cave," he said quite calmly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PERHAPS those last words were the most astonishing of all. Fog as much as a minute I stared at my friend, who lay back in his chair with half-closed eyes, watching me while his cigarette smoldered between his fingers. And so, after all, Wind Cave was going to play an important part in this little drama before it drew to a close.

"Wind Cave," I repeated slowly.

"Surely," said Benny. "Why did you never visit the place, Frank?"

"Why," I replied, "there is nothing to visit. Just a shallow hole in the cliff with the water gurgling among the rocks and little waves splashing about and a whirl of foam always clinging before it."

"There is just room for a launch inside the mouth," said Benny, "and one would think there was no more to the place. But you shall learn differently."

"And you will find the gang there?" I demanded.

"All but one of them."

"And Miss Arlington?" I questioned.

"We shall find her in a little cabin about two miles from this cottage. It is just up the slope above the lake and no one about but a guard who is to report to his confederates when you have turned over the money, and he will set Miss Arlington and the negro woman free."

"Roper told you that?"

Benny nodded.

"When?"

"Not more than an hour ago. We were talking quite confidentially just over the ridge at the moment you were being bound. I would have been here to help you, Frank, but I knew there was no real danger. They feared to harm you, or all trace of the money would be lost; and besides, a great uproar would be raised, for you are a man of wealth, they tell me. As I say, I was just over the hill while you were being bound, and conversing with Roper, who was guard-

Most Highly Recommended Kidney Preparation

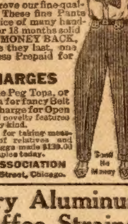
Your Swamp-Root is a splendid seller with us and must give good satisfaction to its users or my customers would not buy it repeatedly. It is a very valuable medicine to sufferers of catarrh or inflammation of the bladder and in liver trouble and rheumatism it has been very beneficial. I take pleasure in recommending Swamp-Root because I feel that it possesses merit in the troubles for which it is intended.

Very truly yours,
J. J. BUNDY, Druggist,
Aug. 1, 1916. Thompsonville, Illinois.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.



$1.95 Made to Your Order PANTS

Special Offer to prove our fine quality: These fine Pants for Dress or Business, choice of many handsome styles, guaranteed for 18 months solid wear and satisfaction or MONEY BACK, absolute $5.00 value—while they last, one pair to a customer, Express Prepaid for only $1.95.

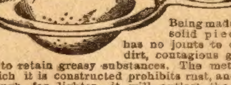
NO EXTRA CHARGES

No charge for Big Extreme Peg Tops, or Cuff Bottoms, nothing extra for fancy Belt Loops or Pocket Flaps, no charge for Open Welt Seams or Large Sizes—all novelty features FREE—no extra charges of any kind.

Cash Profits to you for taking measures of relatives and neighbors. Young Nat. Spriggs made $130.00 in 30 days. Write for Free samples today.

CHICAGO TAILORS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 278 515 So. Franklin Street, Chicago.

Send No Money



The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer

Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

LE PAGE'S CHINA CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10¢

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Always ready for use. 25c postpaid for this wonderful instrument.
KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

RAISE BELGIAN HARES For Us
HUGE PROFITS easily and pleasantly made. We furnish stock and pay you $6.00 a pair and express charges for all you raise. Contract and book "Fortunes in Hares," 10c. Nothing free.
NATIONAL FOOD & FUR ASSOCIATION
Dept. 3. 557 12th St., MILWAUKEE, WISC

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO. 199 Main St., Kansas City, Mo

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address,
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

ing the launch. If I had interfered with the abduction of Miss Arlington the whole affair would have been ruined, and I should only have been killed for my pains. As it is, I shall succeed beyond all shadow of doubt."

"Benny," said I, "you are absolutely heartless."

"I serve my master," he said quietly.

"Entirely too well," I returned, a trifle hurt, and I got to my feet.

"Where are you going, Frank?" demanded Benny, elevating his eyebrows.

"To get Miss Arlington out of that place," I said rather shortly.

"Sit down, Frank. The gang may not have gone yet, and we cannot afford to run any risk of disaster now. We must wait for night."

I saw the wisdom of his command and dropped into my chair again. But my feet itched to be gone, and I watched the clock drag the minutes out with ill-concealed impatience.

"We can go by dusk?" I asked presently.

"No, Frank."

"But think of Miss Arlington's anxiety——" I began.

"Think of your remorse if we failed," he returned.

"You are right, Benny," I said. "I suppose you know best."

"I believe I do, Frank. I am not inhuman; I merely serve my master. My orders come first of all. I am sorry for those who are inconvenienced by them, but I cannot help it."

"You were not supposed to attempt the capture of the gang," I retorted.

"I was told to do as I thought best."

"And if you fail, and they escape——"

"They shall not."

"Something may go wrong."

"Listen to my plan. About ten this evening, the gang, with the exception of the guard of whom I told you, will proceed to Wind Cave in the launch Glory. They will fasten the launch with a chain, as they always do, and go up a narrow crevice in the cliff at the rear of the lower cave, and so into a second room, or cave, rather, which is directly above the lower one. This is their meeting-place and their storehouse. We shall follow them close in with your launch, which I understand is very silent when muffled down. You shall put me ashore close to the rock and then back away a few rods. In the cave I planted a mine I constructed of materials I purchased at the village. It is rough, but simple and absolutely reliable. It is directly under the spot where the Glory will be chained. I shall throw my electric switch, and the Glory is no more a racer, but a wreck. These outlaws are now at our mercy. It is quite simple," he finished.

"But they won't leave their cave," I protested.

"A diet of rotten whisky will finally grow distasteful," said Benny, "and they will be glad to come presently. Your servant, Archie, returned yesterday, after some little difficulty in procuring the type of horses you desired. He has gone to the city for the authorities. I expect them by morning, and so we shall be entirely ready to handle the prisoners," he finished, smiling. "And what do you think of my plan, Frank?"

"The Glory," said I, "belongs to Miss Arlington."

"She shall not suffer by its loss."

"And they may shoot at us and drive us away," I told him.

"A man cannot shoot swimming," returned my ready companion. "There is no place for a man to stand or cling above water in the lower cave, once the boat is out of the way. I do not believe I have overlooked anything, Frank."

"The water is deep there?"

"About twelve feet; the faces of the rock are perpendicular and worn perfectly smooth by ages of wave action."

"I give up," I said. "Your plan is capital."

"Thank you," returned Benny, and made another cigarette.

"They will kill Roper if they suspect he has given them away," I said.

"No," returned Benny, smiling, "Roper is the guard."

"The others trust him?"

"Evidently," and then he added: "If you will make sure the launch is in perfect condition, Frank, I will see about a little supper before we go."

I agreed to that, and went down to the boathouse, while my companion turned into the kitchen. When I returned, some time later, I found the meal ready and waiting, for I had been careful in my inspection and preparation. We ate by a lighted lamp, while the color in the west waned and died. I ate nervously and hurriedly, and Benny confidently and casually, dwelling long over his coffee until the window showed night at last, and the pines were only inky pinnacles above a world of black. And then an idea came to me; I thought I had him at last.

"There is no light to steer the launch," I said. "We shall never make our way thru the swamp."

Benny smiled.

"If you had observed," he returned, "you would have noticed a searchlight belonging to the Glory hanging on the wall in the boathouse. However, I do not believe we shall need it, for it will be a clear night."

"The smugglers raided the boathouse yesterday," I told him.

"I looked this afternoon to make sure," he answered, rising.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WITH the motor humming almost inaudibly, we drew away from the landing and crept out onto the black water with the shore an indistinct line to our right as we slid northward. Around the long point we headed in once more, and so at last drew up at the border of the swamp. With the anchor rope about a stump for safety's sake, altho the lake was as quiet as a mirror, we turned up the hill.

To our right I caught a glimpse of that fence I had noted upon my first coming to Shadow Lake, and, as we followed up the slope, never leaving it for any distance, I realized that our quest was not to take us far. As my eyes became more and more accustomed to the night, objects were fairly distinct, and I realized it was not so dark as it had appeared at first. After all, the searchlight was going to be a superfluous precaution. We went up the hill with the pines even above us and bushes retarding our progress, and now and then we made detours to avoid large rocks or more formidable thickets.

Beside me, or slightly ahead, Benny climbed silently and surely, while I marveled at what he had told me that day. But then, everything had seemed so easy for him always. I remembered Wells Canyon, and how he had come to my rescue when it seemed there was no hope, and how he had come thru victorious. I have often wondered if he ever failed completely. Such men as he made the Secret Service possible. At last he halted with his hand outstretched in warning.

"Well?" I whispered.

"The cabin is just ahead," he returned, in a low voice.

I glanced past him, and for the first time caught a faint gleam of light among the trees.

"And the guard?" I breathed.

"We must watch out for him. You turn slightly to the right, and I will take the other side. Don't shoot him unless it is absolutely necessary."

I nodded and turned off into the darkness. With all care I made my way forward with no sound. I had left my rifle in the boat, but my revolver stock protruded from my coat, and I crept forward with my hand upon it. The light was not so far away as I had imagined at first. Moving slowly forward, I descended a tiny ravine, and at the brink on the farther side came to a little open spot among the trees with the dim outline of a rather large cabin just ahead. With cautious steps I approached, and then a faint but unmistakable word sent me hurrying forward.

The guard, Roper, stood against the cabin with his hands skyward and the whites of his eyes showing, while Benny took his weapons away from him. Then he bound him securely while I held my revolver at his breast. At last Benny stepped back, the task finished.

"And so things have changed somewhat, Roper," I could not help saying. "Do you remember one day not so long ago when you made me sit by the fire just to suit you? Well, I would like you to be quiet now. Real quiet if you please. Now, that's better. This is a childish revenge, Roper, but it makes me feel better, nevertheless."

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Roper. "I never thought things would come to this. So you are an officer, after all. Well, having got into this fix, I reckon it is up to me to get out. Please remember, I never could keep my mouth shut. Please remember that, will you?"

"And so you would betray your fellows," I said scornfully. "I am surprised that you took up with John Arlington, or that he would allow you around him."

"But look what happened to Arlington," returned Roper, sullenly.

"Where did you put that money, you hound?" I demanded, growing angry. "It was bad enough to suspect Miss Arlington of having a hand in this detestable business, and then to think you would set the whole gang on us to hide your villainy."

"Oh, the money," said Roper quietly. "I reckon that money will lay quiet till I can get hold of it some day. You don't need to bother about that."

Benny stepped closer to me and pressed something into my hand.

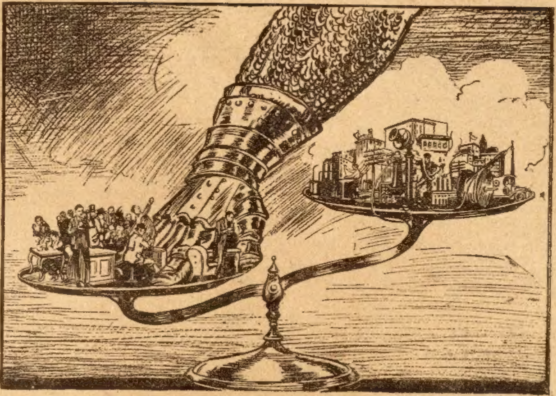
"The key," he said. "I presume you will find the prisoners in the second room. Don't be any longer than you can help, Frank."

I opened the other door, which was not locked, and found myself in a small room nearly square. There were several articles of furniture about, and a lamp smoked high on the table. But I noted all this briefly as I bent before the second door with the key in the lock. As it rasped out of the plate and the door swung back upon rusty hinges, I heard a little startled gasp. Miss Arlington

DIAMONDS
ON CREDIT

Write for Free Catalog. Over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. Select any article desired, have it sent to you prepaid. If satisfactory, send us one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance in eight equal monthly amounts. Write Today.

LOFTIS BROS & CO. 1858 National Credit Jewelers Dept. B860, 108 N. State St. CHICAGO, ILL. Stores in Leading Cities



The Weight of War

The heavy hand of war has disturbed the balance between supply and demand the world over. Our problem of serving the public has all at once assumed a new and weightier aspect.

Extraordinary demands on telephone service by the Government have been made and are being met. Equipment must be provided for the great training camps, the coast-defense stations must be linked together by means of communication, and the facilities perfected to put the Government in touch with the entire country at a moment's notice.

In planning for additions to the plant of the Bell System for 1917, one hundred and thirty millions of dollars were apportioned. This is by far the largest program ever undertaken.

But the cost of raw materials has doubled in a year. Adequate supplies of copper, lead, wire, steel and other essentials of new equipment are becoming harder to get at any price, for the demands of war must be met.

Under the pressure of business incident to the war, the telephone-using public must co-operate in order that our new plans to meet the extraordinary growth in telephone stations and traffic may be made adequate.

The elimination of unnecessary telephone calls is a patriotic duty just as is the elimination of all waste at such a time. Your Government must have a "clear talk track."

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

Get This New OVERLAND--No Money Needed

Get this auto free of cost, and enjoy a cool, refreshing drive every evening. Take your friends out, too---they will be delighted. With an auto distant friends will be as neighbors. I have already given away dozens of automobiles. You might as well have one, also. If you live in the country or in a town under 10,000, YOU can get this brand new, latest 1917 model, OVERLAND TOURING CAR OR A BIG SUM OF MONEY WITHOUT COST, as a reward for a few week's easy, spare-time work in your own community. You need no experience--nor money. My offer is open to everybody--men, women or older children. Your name and address on a postcard will bring full particulars free. ACT QUICKLY, BECAUSE TIME IS SHORT--WRITE TODAY!

A. H. WICHMAN, Mgr.
604 Second Ave. So. Minneapolis, Minn.

No Money In Advance

For These Three Wonderful Waists

Not a penny to send now, Madam. You get these three, stylish waists before you send even the small first payment. Don't put this off. Read our big special credit offer. Then get the coupon into the mail right now.

6 Months To Pay

Only $1.75 to pay on arrival. Balance on our easy six months credit terms. (See below). And if you don't want the waists send them back, and we'll return your payment. Just read what we offer and send coupon.

You Get All 3 Waists

Voile Waist Fine quality sheer voile. Front has embroidered organdy panels with insertion of dainty val. lace. Deep collar of fine embroidered organdy. Sleeves have deep cuffs with turnback inserted with val. lace. Seams hemstitched. White only. See No. 1.

Japonica Silk Blouse
A natty semi-tailored style in fine Japonica Tub Silk. Front is daintily embroidered. Has a very popular design of deep square collar with edging of pretty val. lace. Finished with elastic belt. Flesh Color. See No. 2.

French Crepe Blouse
A very lovely waist made of novelty French nub crepe. Has latest style large cape collar. Made of sheer embroidered organdy. Full length sleeves with deep tailored cuffs give a stylish touch. Fastens with pearl buttons. White only. See No. 3.

Sizes 32 to 44. All three sent no money in advance. Pay only $1.75 on arrival. Then 80c monthly. Total price for the three waists $5.75.

Send the Coupon Sign the coupon and mail it now. Don't put it off. This splendid offer may be withdrawn any time. Get your order in. No obligation, remember. Keep the waists only if you are pleased. Also get our big bargain catalog of clothing FREE.

STANLEY-ROGERS COMPANY,
1015 Jackson Boulevard Dept. 601 Chicago, Ill.

NOW!

Stanley-Rogers Co.,
1015 Jackson Boulevard,
Dept. 601 Chicago, Ill.

Send me the three waists on approval. I will pay $1.75 on arrival, this to be returned if I do not keep them. Otherwise I will send 80c monthly until the price $5.75 is paid. Size..............

Name..............

Address..............

For Catalog only write Yes here..............

was facing me, her features pale in the lamplight.

"I knew, somehow, you would come," she said. "And so you found the money? I—I suppose I should have told you about it and so saved all this."

"The money?" I repeated, and then understood. "I heard about you returning it, and I admire your bravery. Everything would have been well but for that scoundrel, Roper," and I told her what Benny had said.

"Then how did you come here?" she asked.

"By surprise," I answered.

"But the guard, Roper, you know——"

"Oh," said I, "my friend, Mr. Norris, is attending to him."

"Mr. Norris?" she repeated. "I don't understand."

"My friend whom you found that day at my cottage," I explained.

Miss Arlington smiled ever so faintly.

"Of course," she said, "and so his name really was Mr. Norris?"

"You told me," I answered.

"Really, I forgot to ask him his name, and—and, well, I just supplied him with one. And—and I think it is a nice name, anyway," she finished.

"Then you knew I was—er—lying all along?" I demanded.

"Not that. I saw you were trying to be polite—and kind. You see, I knew that you were Mr. Bennant, because I had seen you once at the village some time ago. And as for Mr.—er—Norris, I—well, I liked his looks, and I just took it for granted."

"Thank you," I said; "that is the greatest compliment ever paid me."

"Really? And why?"

"It is plain to be seen that you are not very well acquainted with Mr. Norris, or you would never ask that."

"But his name isn't Norris, after all?"

"No."

"Then what is it?"

"Why," said I, "I don't know."

"But you must call him something."

"When I wrote to him I addressed letters to Mr. Howard; you see we had agreed upon that. I haven't the least idea what his name really is."

"Then he isn't a writer of stories, after all?"

"You never believed so," I retorted.

"Didn't I? Well, perhaps I didn't, but it sounded nice, anyway."

"Then you admire story writers?"

"Yes, and I sometimes admire——" she paused.

"Go on," I encouraged.

"Some who don't write them," she finished.

"Thank you; I shall remember that."

"I wouldn't hold it as evidence," she retorted.

"Of course not; but occasionally I like to recollect a kind word."

"Sometimes I am selfish," she said, without looking at me.

"And as kindness has no part in selfishness, it was either one or the other which prompted your words. As kindness and not selfishness belongs to you, I shall have to satisfy myself by being merely inquisitive."

"What do you wish to know?"

"Would you tell me?"

"That depends."

"Frank!"

It was Benny calling me.

"Yes," I answered, "just a moment, Benny."

From outside I heard a faint chuckle.

"My friend," I explained, "is heartless."

"I would not have suspected it," said the girl.

"His intuition is equal to a woman's, and one can never go far wrong upon his advice. In place of imagination he possesses a sense of uncanny knowledge that seldom fails."

"Why did he call you?"

I told her. Upon her father's part I dwelt as briefly and as kindly as possible, and then sketched our plan for the capture. "And so," I finished, "it is time we were going. There will be no more than enough time left after we leave you and Aunt Molly at the cottage."

The negress rose from her seat in the corner. I helped Miss Arlington into her slender mackinaw while Aunt Molly bundled up into her capacious one, and then Benny and I carried Roper in and turned the key upon him.

"Safe enough," said Benny, briefly. "I expect he will turn Government's evidence, hoping to get off with a light sentence."

"He is a scoundrel!" I said angrily.

"True enough," returned Benny, "but you must admit he has been of great assistance to us." And Roper was dismissed from our thoughts with those words.

We went down the hill under a clearing sky, and I saw that it was an excellent night for our plan. Stars were showing in ever-increasing numbers, and already I saw we could traverse the swamp without the aid of our searchlight. Lake Prince would lie clear for the attack, and in the entire program I could find no flaw.

Ahead, Benny was assisting the dignified Aunt Molly over the rather difficult trail as tho she had been a queen.

"I thought you said your friend was heartless," said Miss Arlington.

"I see now that I misjudged him."

"Aunt Molly will never forget this night."

"Nor I."

"And your memories will be no clearer than mine. You have been very good to me."

"I do not deserve your thanks," I said slowly. "The solving of this riddle and your deliverance are due to Benny."

"You offered to help me search for my father," she returned, in a low voice.

"That is no more than another would have done."

"You did not know me."

"Ah," said I, "you should not throw my shortcomings up to me. I have already begun recalling drear years."

"And the future?"

"That is entirely in your hands," I told her.

"You are too trusting."

"Not that," I said; "it is merely that I am too hopeful."

"I am penniless; I have only myself."

"And yet I am too poor to buy," I said slowly.

"Some day you may come back, if you like. Meanwhile you should consider your mind. Prudence is at a discount under the stars, you know."

"You might at least offer me hope."

"I would like you to know your own mind," she returned. "It would be very easy to be unfair to you tonight."

"Forgive me," I said, "of course it is your right."

"That is not kind."

"Why?"

"I could not tell you now, but some time——"

"You wish time to decide your answer?" I asked.

"Not that; you see I already have that."

Ahead, Benny was on the beach and loosing the launch. I glanced at the girl as she walked beside me, her hat shielding her face from my view.

"And your answer is——" I began.

"If you care to come back some time——"

"Then you will not tell me now?"

"If you care to come back sometime——"

"Thank you," I said, understanding. "One thing else. If I might have a pledge——"

"A pledge?" she returned, glancing at me. "That is fair." She fumbled with a little ring on her hand.

I glanced ahead at the launch. Aunt Molly was seated in the stern, her broad back and foreshortened profile outlined in jet against the reflected stars.

"I might lose a ring," I whispered. "If you——" I paused a second once more to scan the launch.

Aunt Molly still viewed the lake. Did I say Benny possessed intuition? At any rate he was all at once bending beside the wheel, peering at the impenetrable black about the engine.

"Carris," I said, "a ring is, after all, only a circle, and therefore has its limitations. The others have forgotten us, or is it that we have ignored them? You might be kind for an instant, because until that day I shall be very lonesome."

At that she glanced up at me. I bowed my head, with no one watching but the stars, and my eyes no longer spoke a question for her answer.

The End.

* * *

Freedom.

Representative Bankhead said:

"The German idea of freedom of the seas reminds me of old Uncle Ned.

"A gentleman traveling thru Alabama was much interested in Uncle Ned.

"'So you were once a slave, eh?' said the gentleman.

"'Yas, sah,' said Uncle Ned.

"'How thrilling!' said the gentleman. 'And after the war ye got your freedom, eh?'

"'No, sah,' said Uncle Ned, gloomily. 'I didn' git mah freedom, sah. After de war I done got married.'"

The Lady Operator

By P. G. Estee

"SPEAKING of lady operators, I notice railroads are not employing as many as they used to. They say woman lacks man's stern courage in the face of 'emergency and danger.'" Boomer Ed's tone was gently sarcastic. "Shucks! The fellows that spring that stuff never had any real experience with a woman in action, with right on her side and emergency and danger thick all around. That's not saying that most of the men are not ready and waiting when needed, either.

"Used to be a little station west of the Columbia. Usual sagebrush block; nothing to do but stick around most of the time, but now and then business tightening up and getting as lively as a terminal in the fall rush. Young fellow from the Lackawanna had been the whole thing there, but after the hour limit got better they gave him a second-trick operator, splitting the twenty-four hours between the two so that the block was only closed for a few hours. Well, this fellow's sister came out from the East to take the new job, and proceeded to get acquainted with real sand heat and loneliness. Classy operator, the girl was, long past 'ham' days, and as pretty and nice as her wrist was nimble with Old Man Morse's language. Wasn't long before neighboring operators were finding what a cozy place the Mackeys had at Umtanul, and the trainmen, after they had leaned out to grab a few hoops from her little hands, began to scrap for the chance to snatch the helping tissues at Um.

"Fred Curtis, a young engineer, who changed over from an east-end run to take a west-end time freight, seemed to be the most interested and earnest. Began to look as if the attraction was mutual, too, and sometimes when I was up there to visit I would notice Miss Theda's gray eyes sort of light up just because the sounder would rattle out an 'os' of Fred's train headed our way. Me? Sure I visited up there, but I didn't count. Been a boomer too long—and look it.

"Eight miles west of Um was Parlin, another block station, but with a little town, fifty people maybe, while at Um there was nothing but the depot with rooms above and city residences consisting of the Mackeys' two sleeping tents, which they used during the hot season—lasting about ten months of the twelve.

"No trees to swing hammocks under. Nothing but just sand, and out beyond the west switch a big, bare sand bluff that made the road take a swing and hid the main line from the office. East it was mostly flat, but no change in the makeup of the scenery. Just sand again. After eight miles of that you would have seen my town, Braden, about three or four hundred people, and reckoned a real city.

"I was at Um one evening, and after visiting with Paul Mackey until turning-in time, went over to visit with Miss Theda, who had the late trick. I figured on catching a freight 'drag' home a little later. That's the way I happened to be on hand to see the best example of what I mentioned—a woman in action, with the bases all full up with trouble.

"Miss Theda was busy when I went over, and instead of going in I sat down on the step for a moment, and had just lit my pipe when I heard the barking of a gasoline rail car, and a couple minutes later a big section car slid to a stop right in front of me. Some gang of track or wire repair men, I thought, and called out a cheerful greeting.

"'Hands up!' was all the answer I got to my sociable sally, and when I disregarded the hint and tried to roll into shelter as I drew my own protector, two of the visiting gentlemen fell on me, one using the butt of his gun in a careless manner about my skull. In two jiffies I was tied up hand and foot and gagged. The other two men had crowded in and had the lady operator backed against the wall.

"'Throw that section hand in the storeroom and go tie up the other operator!' orders a big guy who seems to be chief.

"They slam me into the little cubbyhole walled off from the office with lattice work and snap the door, but I'm thankful I can see and hear everything that goes on.

"The big chap waits until the two men come to report that they have Mackey trussed up careful, and then he turns to the girl.

"'The plan's just this, young woman,' he says pretty grim. 'No. 2 is to have two sections tonight. The first is supposed to have six cars of silk—only one of them isn't—it's gold; quite a lot of gold. When the time comes you are going to give Parlin a clear block and get a clear from Braden. Then your part's done and we'll tie you up and do the rest.'

"'What are you going to do?' The girl's face was white, but her voice was steady enough.

"The fellow laughed. 'You may as well know. We're going to run a car off that stub siding and out to the bluff. A stop signal on it will fix things so first two won't go by.'

"I caught their plan quick enough and so did the girl, as I could see from her face. They didn't figure on any stop signal. They planned to let the first two hit the car and go in the ditch. In the confusion they would grab the gold. It looked as if the game might work, too, for the engineer would see the green high on the semaphore as he rounded the swing; then, just as he let her out good, his light would pick up the car, but too late for him to do much stopping.

"'I'm something of an operator,' the leader talked on, 'but my wrist is out of practice, and if I monkey with the key some one might catch on that a strange fist was here and wonder some. See? I'll know, tho, if you are trying to cross me.'

"'How do you know about the gold?'

"'Friends higher up,' chuckled the chief. 'A little message, a little gas car, and after it's over a little gas boat and——'

"'Cut it; you're giving the skirt too much future routing,' advised one of the others.

"'Couldn't get us in a million years, once we're in our boat,' said another.

"I was inclined to agree with that, too. They could run down the river and strike off into a country where even prospectors and hunters had kept shy. I wondered, tho, where he had got his information, for I believed he was bluffing about using

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Shoo Fly Plant
KEEPS FLIES OUT OF THE HOUSE
Flies will not stay in a room where it is grown. Very mysterious, but tests show such to be the case. Blooms in a short time (60 days from planting). Flowers both summer and winter. Package of seed by mail with catalogue, 10 Cents.
JAPAN SEED CO., Desk 26
South Norwalk, Conn.

NOW $2.50
$2.50 down brings brand new Rex (10 years' guarantee) built because world's greatest merchandise house wanted a better machine. Sent on trial. Typewriter prices smashed. Write for free book and startling offer.
Rex Typewriter Co., Dept 8501 Steger Bldg., Chicago

GIVEN AWAY
Write today for 12 packs Smith's Hair Tonic to sell at 10c per pkg. Return $1.20 and we will send wedding ring and bracelet, warranted.
SMITH DRUG CO. Box 154, Woodsboro, Md.

Nuxated Iron Makes Strong, Vigorous, Iron Men and Beautiful Healthy Rosy Cheeked Women

Dr. Howard James, late of the Manhattan State Hospital of New York and formerly Assistant Physician Brooklyn State Hospital, says:

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. A patient of mine remarked to me (after having been on a six weeks' course of Nuxated Iron), **'Say, Doctor, that there stuff is like magic.'**

"If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. From my own experience with Nuxated Iron, I feel it is such a valuable remedy that it should be kept in every hospital and prescribed by every physician in this country."

Gee! That there stuff (Nuxated Iron) acts like magic. It certainly puts the ginger of youth into a man.

Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. James, is for sale by all good druggists on an absolute guarantee of success and satisfaction or your money refunded.

the wire himself. I had kept one ear on the sounders, and now I could hear the west block instrument ticking out Um. The leader heard it, too. He knew that much about Morse, or else guessed. His manner changed sudden.

" 'That's Parlin, ain't it? Give him a clear for first two. No monkey work!'

"The girl's manner changed, too, and her words came back just as snappy. 'I will not!'

"The gang crowded around, and they were sure an ugly bunch of mugs just then. The boss dug out his revolver and aimed it.

" 'You get busy on that wire.'

"The girl just looked at him. 'You could kill me a dozen times and I would not.' Her voice was shaking a little, but her courage was not. I tried to let them know I was an operator. If they had to kill some one for refusing, let it be me. My kicking on the partition only brought out one of the men to kick me in the ribs. The girl knew well enough what I wanted, but she kept still.

" 'Well!' roared the chief, and added a list of cuss words that made the girl turn paler than she had at his gun. The man had a white streak somewhere, tho. 'You're too brave to shoot,' he growled. 'Wish I had men with your sand. Get that other operator,' he ordered.

"That put Theda in a hole. She loved her brother, and would have done almost anything to have kept him out of the scrap, but to do that she would have had to put the fellows on first two into a real ditch.

" 'Hurry!' the boss kept shouting, and then with his own hands he bound the girl, gagged her with a small silk handkerchief and laid her on the floor at the far end of the office. The men brought in Paul, and the big chap wasted no time with preliminaries in dealing with him. He just shoved his gun against the young fellow's head and told him what to do. Paul saw, or thought he saw, death in the chief's eyes, and after one wild look around at his sister and at me lying bound in my coop, he sat down at the table. He was no fool, and he knew to give the clear block meant trouble, maybe death for some one, but he didn't figure that some one was going to be himself. He didn't try to make terms for his sister or test out the chief's knowledge of Morse. Opened up the circuit on the block wire and gave Parlin the clear all correct, signing his own initials.

" 'About time,' too,' snapped the man to the west. 'First two right on us!'

" 'Get the block from Braden,' was the next order.

"Paul did that, too, and then they tied him and hurried him back to the tent again. A moment later we heard them go running by, headed for the west end to get the car out on the main line, I presumed.

"Then I did my very best to raise myself or get my hands free, but those chaps had made the knots hard, and the kicks had put a couple of ribs out of plumb. I realized right away that my part of the game was played. Maybe I moaned once or twice, but it was not for my own pain. I could hear the girl struggling and moving, but not a whimper came from her lips, and when I wiggled around some more so I could see her, there she was trying to roll from behind the copy press where the leader had laid her, afterwards taking a hitch over the heavy press with the rope from her wrists.

"Thru it all I had been listening for an 'os' from Parlin, and when it didn't come as soon as expected I began to hope that something had happened. Suddenly, tho, on the train wire Parlin broke in.

" 'First 2 here; engine trouble. Can No. 54 go ahead to BN? All ready to fly.'

"The dispatcher joggled his key for a moment in indecision, then snapped out a 'copy five,' and put in a runahead order for 54 Parlin to Braden. The man at Parlin called UM to change the block, but when there was no answer, figured that it would be O. K. anyway, and a moment later gave the dispatcher the signature, of 54's conductor, Anderson.

"Then I heard Theda moan as she tried to reach the table, rolling and scrambling along the floor and dragging the press stand. I realized quick why that was. Curtis was with Anderson, and if 54 came ahead they would hit that car, and the chances for the head-end men would be mighty slim. Maybe that name nerved her for more desperate efforts. Anyway, Theda, all bound as she was, reached the table, rolled over, raised herself on her knees, and then to her numbed and tied feet. She balanced there a second and then leaned, or rather fell over backward on the instrument table trying to grip the key with her fingers.

"She couldn't do it. There was not slack enough between her wrists and the press. With desperate intentness she whirled and backed up against the press trying to untie that knot. She couldn't do that, either.

"I don't know; I presume I groaned as I lay there, helpless, and watched that girl battling for the lives of the men on 54, among them her own lover. I know the doctor told me next day that my bumping around and struggling to be something besides a bound log came near to finishing me, one of those broken ribs having made a right of way into a lung.

"Then I heard what I had feared to hear and I'll bet my heart stopped beating.

" 'Os, PA.' Parlin was calling to report 54 out. The last chance was gone. Then suddenly Theda turned and flung herself forward over the table, opened the circuit lever with her nose and then gripped the ebony top of the key in her lips. I have never seen it done successfully, and have never been able to do it, even without a gag, but somehow she formed the three dots of the letter S, then as sweat poured over my face I heard the short dash of the T. That was easier, as were the two spaced dots of O.

" 'Get off the wire,' some one snapped out, probably the man at Parlin, thinking some beginner was playing on the circuit. How I cursed that fellow, whoever he was! I could have struck him dead for a boneheaded play like that.

"But that night Dad Jones—bless his memory!—was on duty at headquarters, and he had the reputation of always using his head for something besides a green shade holder. His decided Morse cut in with a sharp order:

" 'PA, catch and hold 54.'

"If it had been the Parlin man that cut off our call, he redeemed himself by the run he made right then. By the time he was back reporting that he had stopped 54 and had her conductor and engineer with him, Jones had the few facts Theda could spell out in disjointed, irregular code.

" 'Tell Curtis; he will know what to do,' she says at the last. Wish some one had that kind of confidence in me, don't you? Well, a second later Jones tapped out a message to Curtis, telling him grab what arms and men he could, cut off his engine and beat it for UM. He added something about hurry, but that was superfluous. Fred was already visualizing some of the things at Umtanul.

"The leader had threatened to Paul and Theda both what he would do if his plans were interfered with or any one double-crossed him, aiming to cover his lack of knowledge of Morse, I had thought. Well, his plans were some shot. What would he do? I began to feel shaky for the girl again, and I guess she was thinking of the same things I was, for once she made a move as if to drag back the press and roll behind it again, but a thought halted her. The man would think her brother had some way crossed him in giving that block. She turned deliberately and lay down on the instrument table again.

"But even before he opened the 1522's throttle for the fastest run ever made from Parlin to Umtanul, Curtis had read a lot between the lines of what Theda had told the dispatcher, and warning the four armed men with him, he took the desperate chance of rounding the swing at a terrific pace, and when the car showed in the light dead ahead they leaped for their lives. Fred headed for the depot, and the other three started in to round up the robbers.

"As for us, it seemed two hours, but certainly was not more than ten minutes from the time Parlin took the message for Curtis until we heard a crash, and a moment or two later running steps. I saw the girl's lips set. Was it the leader coming to take his promised revenge? The footsteps stopped and then came a shot, a lot of cursing and a moment after the door crashed in and Theda, all bound as she was, lay in Fred Curtis' arms and they proceeded to forget the world, including the B. N. Railway and myself. Fred's hunch had been right. When the leader saw the light engine he knew something was wrong, and headed for the office, but a shot from Fred's gun gave him something else to think of until the other men came up and carried him to the engine for a ride to a hospital and then prison."

⁂

Why He Was Sick.

A mother whose son was sentenced to the Marion County workhouse recently from Juvenile Court in Indianapolis, entered court and said that she wished to speak to Judge Frank J. Lahr in regard to her son.

"Judge," said the woman, "I was out at the workhouse, and my boy tells me he is not getting enough to eat. I think something ought to be done about it."

Judge Lahr assured the woman that the son's assertion could not be true, but when she insisted, he called the superintendent by telephone and inquired.

"Hold the 'phone a minute," said the superintendent, "and I'll look him up."

"Hello, Judge," finally came back over the wire, "that man is working as a cook, and is sick today from eating too much at his work."

Into the Unknown.

(Continued From Page 3.)

a long voyage. Once or twice I thought I detected his dark eyes fastened upon me with more than mere casual interest and concern in a fellow voyager, but I dismissed the thought as imagination on my part. What worried me, however, was the fact that I could never find both Mazajinfizzi and his valet upon deck at the same time; either one or the other by intent or chance, always remained in their suite, if the other left it.

I say that the circumstance worried me; it did for this reason: That in case I ever detected them both on deck at the same time, I was determined to make a search of their suite in quest of my belongings, or some evidence to hold against them.

Ten days went by, with no riffle disturbing the placid surface of life aboard the ship. Most of the passengers (those who could in fact) had changed to lighter raiment, for we were now well down in the Southern seas. Things between the gentlemen from India and myself were decidedly at a standstill. Then, late one sultry afternoon, came opportunity—the chance for which I had eagerly waited. In an improvised walled court the Rajah Mazajinfizzi, his valet, and a number of eager enthusiasts were busily engaged in a game of squash!

Not a moment was to be lost; I hastened aft, and gained admission to the suite, the entrance to which I had so long been haunting like a specter. I worked fast. There were chests of rich raiment, mysterious leather cases filled with sumptuous Oriental wares of all descriptions; all this I pommeled thru, taking time, however, to replace everything as nearly as possible as I found it. I made a thoro search; I looked everywhere, thru everything—but could find not the slightest trace of my own belongings. One thing only remained to be explored—a huge sea-chest of a peculiar green shade, which sat over in one corner of the suite, partially concealed by a silken portiere.

I went over to the chest. It was made to close with a huge spring lock, but a portion of the portiere had become fastened beneath the cover in such a manner, I perceived, to my delight, that the lock had not caught—that I could raise the heavy lid!

This I was about to do, when a slight noise at the door caused me to desist. I turned suddenly, and came face to face with—the valet.

I sprang for the open door; he was the quicker. He stood there like a dark, vengeful Nemesis, barring my way.

This dramatic story will be continued in the next issue of the Ledger. Read it. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

⁂

Retaliation.

Little Gertrude had been very naughty and had been severely slapped, first by nurse and then by mother, with a promise of another dose from father when he came home.

She sat on the floor, her eyes filled with angry tears. Suddenly she rose with a determined look upon her little face, and seized her hat.

"Where are you going?" asked her mother.

"Out to tell all the family secrets to the neighbors," said the child, firmly.

⁂

No Wonder.

Mr. Jones arrived home late the other evening, after dining well but not wisely.

He took up his hairbrush, on the back of which was a mirror, in order to see if his face was very flushed. By mistake he held the bristly side toward himself.

"Gracious!" he cried. "No wonder every one stared at me. Don't I want a shave!"

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

This NEW ELGIN ON 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

Adjusted 17 Jewel Elgin

This New Thin Model 17 Jewel Elgin is absolutely supreme where Reliability is a factor. Double sunk dial—Double Roller Escapement—Double strata 25 year Gold Case. It's just the watch you want.

Send No Money $1.50 —A— MONTH

EASY CREDIT TERMS AS LOW AS

Just send your name and address for this New Elgin with our Special $5 Gold Chain Free, and our bedrock confidential price will surprise and delight you immensely.

Sent on Approval You do not risk a cent.

We send this Watch and $5 Chain complete on your own approval—also our 160 page Free Catalog, showing all kinds of Watches, Diamonds, etc., all on smilingly easy terms. Send your name and address today.

The House That Sells More Elgin Watches Than Any Other Firm in the World.

HARRIS-GOAR CO. Dept. 153 KANSAS CITY, MO.

WE DO AS WE ADVERTISE

Automobile Lillian

The Daring Girl Bandit of Arizona

She robbed the rich and gave to the poor. A thrilling Love Story of the West, featuring Cow-Boy Life on the Plains. The County Sheriff who "stood between Love and Duty", the Terrible Duel for the hand of Lillian between the Sheriff and Texas Joe, the Cow-Boy. THE MOST THRILLING STORY EVER WRITTEN or produced in the Movies. A Woman sacrifices herself for Love. Boys, you will find this good reading. Neat book bound in colored cover, by mail 10 Cents. ROYAL BOOK CO., Desk 87. So. Norwalk, Conn.

Do You Love Children?

Why Fear Child Birth

YOU may avoid pains and suffering as have thousands of other women all over the country by writing for Dr. Dye's wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children. Write TODAY for FREE book, postpaid. Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 52 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

TO ANY WOMAN FOR FREE

GIVING AWAY 60 PACKAGES SOAP POWDER

This beautiful fabricoord leather, biscuit tufted, 22-steel spring parlor couch, over 6 ft. long by 2 ft. 3 in. wide for distributing (not sell) only 5 doz. pkgs. of our famous washing powder FREE among friends and neighbors, to introduce. No money or exp. needed. NEW METHOD CO., 726-734 N. Franklin St., Chicago

$2.50 A MONTH BUYS A Visible Writing L. C. SMITH

Perfect machines only of standard size with keyboard of standard universal arrangement—has Backspacer—Tabulator—two color ribbon—Ball Bearing construction—every operating convenience. Five Days Free Trial. Fully guaranteed. Catalog and special price sent free. H. A. SMITH, 587-231 N. Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill

This Book FREE
HOW TO JUDGE ENGINES
Witte

FREE Before buying any engine at any price be sure to write for my new free book, "How to Judge Engines." Tells the difference between good engines and unreliable engines. Witte Kerosene Engines 2 to 22 H-P. Sold direct. No dealers. 90 days' trial; cash or easy terms; 5-year guarantee—Ed. H. Witte

BUILT BY EXPERTS

Witte Engine Works
2521 Oakland Avenue,
Kansas City, Mo.
2521 Empire Building,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND WIN A PRIZE

Any bright boy or girl can work out this interesting puzzle with a little study. There are three words represented by the nine numbers shown below. These words describe something that the American nation has set out to do quickly and thoroughly. What is it? This puzzle tells. Send the correct answer and I will send you a new and WONDERFUL PATRIOTIC PACKAGE, containing exquisite Flag Post Cards, Battleship and Army Post Cards and Flag stickers, a gorgeous assortment sure to delight you. I will also send you 2000 votes for a lovely, real live PET SHETLAND PONY which I will give away soon.

23	9	14	20	8	5	23	1	18

The first three numbers of the above line is a word. The next three numbers spell a word, and the last three numbers spell another word. These three words form a sentence of great interest to every boy, girl, man and woman. There are 26 letters in the alphabet. We have used figures to spell the words instead of letters. Letter A is number 1, B number 2, C number 3, and so on throughout the alphabet.

IF YOU can spell out these words we will send you a BIG and wonderful PATRIOTIC PACKAGE containing a beautiful assortment of truly exquisite OLD GLORY POST CARDS, BATTLESHIP CARDS, ARMY CARDS and LOVELY FLAG STICKERS all in most beautiful colors, together with two interesting papers and 2000 votes for the fine FREE PONY. All you need to do is to enclose 2 two-cent stamps with your answer to cover packing and mailing cost. ACT AT ONCE. You can do this puzzle if you try. Get the big Patriotic Outfit quick. 2000 Pony Votes too. Write the three words with your name and address on a piece of paper and mail quickly. Address

Real Pet Pony GIVEN AWAY

Every boy and girl wants to own a real live Shetland Pony. This is "Dan." I will give him away soon. Get your 2000 votes quick.

UNCLE BILLY, PONY MAN, 142 W. Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois

Liberality.

Woman—"I want a divorce."

Lawyer—"And how much alimony?"

Woman—"One hundred per. I wouldn't let him go for less!"

MONEY HAS WINGS.

That "money talks" I will admit
  And I will tell you why;
I can't retain a little bit;
  To me it says "good-by."

SI CRABTREE'S RUTHLESS WARFARE

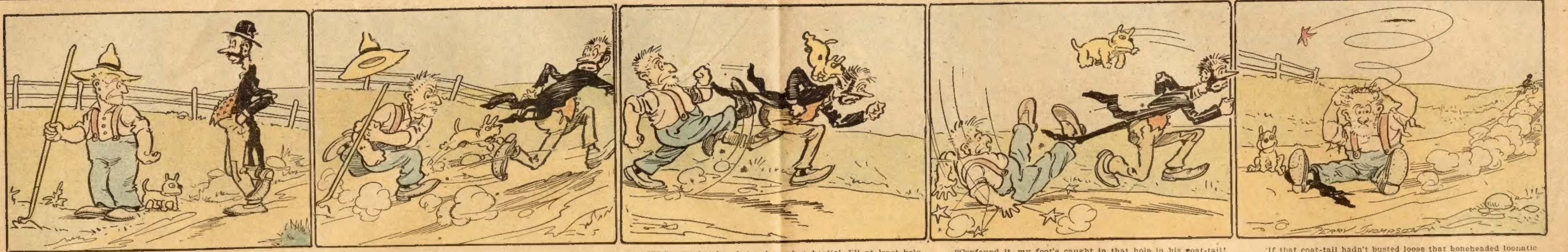
"BIG BUSINESS."

All the nations in a trust—
  Majority stockholders, we—
To resist a rule unjust,
  And the soul of man set free.

The Doctor's Labors.

Patient—"What do you think of a warm climate for me?"

Physician—"That's precisely what I am trying to guard you against."—Puck.



Si Crabtree—"Huh, another bum! A feller can't look around without seein' a hobo these days, durn 'em!

"Git out o' here, yeh good fer nothin' boob, or I'll fracture yer block! Go on! Git!

"If I can't ketch yeh to give yeh a beatin', I'll at least help yeh onward with a few good kicks!

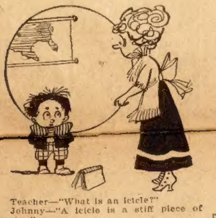
"Confound it, my foot's caught in that hole in his coat-tail! Stop, yeh bloomin' idiot! Stop!

"If that coat-tail hadn't busted loose that boneheaded loonatic would have kidnaped me, durned if he wouldn't!"

Two Reasons for His Luck.

Giles—"So you've got a post in the bank, eh? I suppose it was partly because you knew the manager."

Harris—"Partly that and partly because he didn't know me."



Teacher—"What is an icicle?"

Johnny—"A icicle is a stiff piece of water."

He Had the Refusal.

Several clubmen were talking about girls. That seemed to be a favorite topic with them, for every man had opinions. All the men engaged in this discussion were bachelors, young and eligible.

"See here, George," said one. "I thought you would be married to Miss Soandso by this time. What's the matter?"

"Oh, John," was the reply, "that affair is off for me. The engagement is broken."

"May I ask who broke it?"

"She did."

"I thought you said you had the refusal of her hand."

"I did, and that's why we will not be married."

RASH MAN.

They say I may be healthy
  And reach a green old age
If I'll resist the stealthy
  Approach of germs and wage
On fly and on mosquito
  A stern, relentless war;
That program I will veto—
  Such warfare I abhor.

They say that I must diet,
  And choose what I should eat,
By dieticians' fiat,
  According to its "heat."
Of "calories," "albumens"
  They talk, and "diet wastes,"
But I shall live like humans
  According to my tastes.

They recommend cold showers
  And sleeping out of doors;
My disposition sours
  At such talk, doesn't yours?
I'll not adopt these measures
  My life term to increase;
They'd rob life of its pleasures,
  So let me die in peace!

Hardly the Truth.

"Fine field of corn you've got there," remarked the stranger, in an effort to make conversation. "Must cause you some trouble, since it's on the slope of a hill. How do you manage to plow it?"

"We don't," replied the farmer. "When the thaws come in the spring the rocks, rolling downhill, tear it up ready for seed planting."

"But how do you plant it?"

"Well, not in the ordinary way. Six or seven of us stand here and shoot the seed into the hillside with a shotgun."

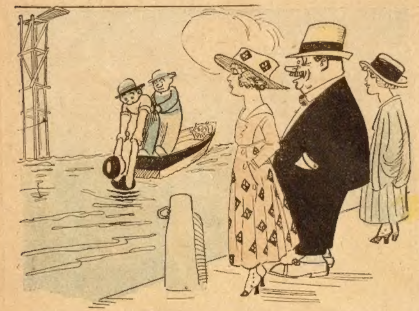
"Really? Is that the truth?"

"No! That ain't the truth; that's conversation!"

Of Course.

"You can fool all of the people some of the time," began the man who likes to quote the sayings of the great.

"That's enough," said the other chap. "You want a vacation occasionally."



Mrs. Fanne—"Mercy! That high diver made an awful jump. Didn't it kill him?"

Her Husband—"Not quite. So let's give him an encore."

How Pat Figured It.

Two Englishmen were one day walking along a road in Kerry when they met an Irishman.

"How many of us are here now?" they asked, jokingly.

"I'm not such an omadhaun as all that," said Pat. "There's one hundred of us."

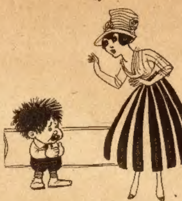
"Oh," said the Englishman, "how do you make out that?"

"Well," said Pat, "I am the one, and you are the two naughts."

Ruthless Mendacity.

"I can't believe a word that diplomat tells me," said the baron.

"And he says he can't believe you," answered the duke. "This truthless warfare is becoming something terrible."



"Are you in pain, little man?"

"No: the pain's in me."

Misery Loves Company.

Little Bobbie had been unusually naughty. When mother attempted to punish him he crawled under the porch, well out of her reach. There he remained.

When father came home mother related the whole story. So father started under the porch after his unruly son.

Bobbie saw him coming and called out: "Is she after you, too, pop?"

Would Seem So.

"Shakespeare speaks of music being the food of love."

"He was a smart man, but he had his slips."

"Huh?"

"The natural food of love is mush."

Sure Enough.

"Politicians of all nations make the claim."

"What claim?"

"That business follows the flag."

"It follows an auction flag, all right enough."

Just as Dangerous as Ever.

"I see a French doctor asserts that there is positively no danger in kissing."

"The deuce there isn't! Just let him kiss the wrong woman and he'll find out."

A Mean Parent.

Girl's Father—"But how can you support my daughter? Twenty dollars a week won't pay the rent."

Suitor—"You don't mean to say you'll charge Edith and me rent, do you?"

The Most Useful Thing.

A member of Congress, a new man and therefore not widely known in Washington, found himself one day in the hands of a barber of the proverbially talkative sort, who was employed in a Washington hostelry.

"You have a large head, sir," observed the barber as he was trimming the locks of the statesman. "It is a good thing to have a large head, for a large head means a large brain, and a large brain is the most useful thing a man can have, for it nourishes the roots of the hair."

The New York Idea.

"Yes, I have lived in London, Paris, Cairo, Vienna, Hongkong."

"Well, well. You're a man of the world."

"But I've never been in New York."

"Oh, shucks."

Civic Pride.

"I believe you claim to have a model town here," said the visitor.

"There is not a better town in the country," answered the proud resident.

"Still your streets are not sprinkled often enough."

"That may be true, but we have an idea that even the dust here is better than the dust that flies in any other town."

No Wonder.

At a golden wedding recently an entertainment was given to the surrounding tenantry of the aged couple. At the close of the proceedings the host rose and relieved his feelings in an eloquent speech.

"Look at that, now Pat," whispered an old Irishwoman, nudging her husband's elbow. "Did ye see the poor ould masther wid the tears in the eyes of him?"

"Shure, an' why wouldn't he be croyin'?" was her husband's retort, "an' he married to the same woman fur fifty years!"

Just So.

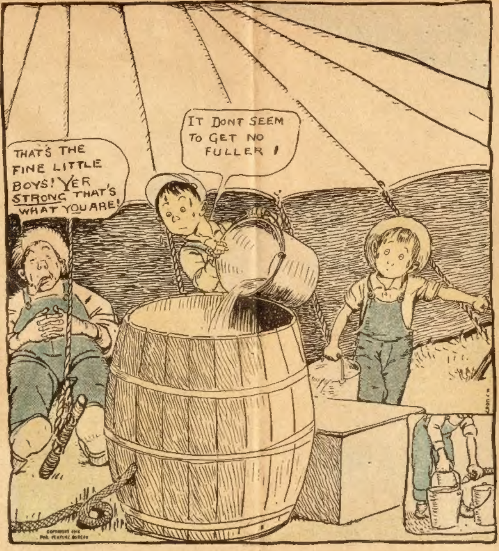
"My little dog Fifi is dead."

"What ailed Fifi?"

"I fear I fed her too many walnut sundaes."

"Um. Sort of hardwood finish."

"BEN BOLT"---The Kid That You Were Yourself.


THAT'S THE FINE LITTLE BOYS! YER STRONG THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!
IT DONT SEEM TO GET NO FULLER !

Don't you remember the water, Ben Bolt,
  The water we packed by the ton?
That elephant's thirst was distinctly the worst!
  And his keeper, a son-of-a-gun!

Wondered What Ailed Him.

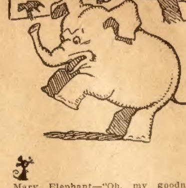
"I hope you will pardon me for being late," said Doctor Cutler, when the stately hostess met him at the door. "I'm afraid my tardiness has spoiled everything. If I could have done so I would have telephoned you to go ahead with the dinner and not wait for me. But circumstances prevented. I have just operated on a man for appendicitis."

"Oh, you have?" she replied. "What was the matter with him?"—Judge.

At a Reception.

"Now you must by all means meet Mrs. Wallaby Wombat. She is deeply interested in prison welfare work."

"I don't see how I could be of any interest to her. None of my folks are in jail."



Mary Elephant—"Oh, my goodness! That mouse might run up my trunk and I haven't a chair to stand on!"

Postponed Payments.

"Do much credit business?"

"Oh, yes," replied the fashionable grocer. "Practically all my sales are of that kind."

"Do any of your customers pay you on the nail?"

"Well, some of them do, but I have to move the nail up two or three times before they can hit it."

A Studious Child.

Mrs. Flatbush—"Is your boy studious?"

Mrs. Bensonhurst—"Indeed, he is."

"What does he study?"

"Principally how to get into the jam closet without exciting suspicion."

Value Decreased.

"A fine dog you have there, Jones."

"I'll sell him to you for five dollars."

"All right. Is he intelligent?"

"Intelligent? Why, that dog knows as much as I do."

"Oh! I'll give you a dollar for him."

Does Happen.

"Why won't you go into my scheme? It's a gold mine, I tell you."

"That means nothing. Plenty of people operated gold mines on a losing basis."

Not Dry Territory.

"I see that Lake Superior is larger than the State of Maine," said the New Yorker.

"Yes, but not so dry," replied the Southern Colonel, who had been there.

SPENDING THE SUMMER.

Sis had a good time while away,
  As she has since confessed.
Where she was fashion ruled the day
  And everybody dressed.

Ma had a good time when she went
  In battle line arrayed,
Long hours each day at bridge they spent
  And everybody played.

And brother, he had quite a time.
  He went where ripples swished,
Where wearing good clothes was a crime
  And everybody fished.

But poor dad couldn't quit the grind
  Or go where minnows lurked.
While others loafed he stayed behind
  Where everybody worked.

Wasted Time.

Ephraim Jones was charged with stealing a dozen and a half jars of peach jelly from Mrs. Watson's cellar. He stood in humble silence while the arresting officer and the judge discussed the demerits of the case.

"He did it, all right, your honor," said the policeman. "I was watching him when his head peeped thru the door. His arms were filled with jars."

"Yes," continued Judge Briles. "From all I can understand, this prisoner deliberately broke into that cellar, waited until he thought the coast was clear, and then grabbed up as much as he could carry. Ethically, it is apparent, moreover, that——"

The prisoner broke in at this juncture. "Pawdon me, jedge," he declared, "but what's de use en yo' folks wastin' all er dis yere legalish talk? I's done made up mah mind ter say I done hit enyhow."

Queered Himself.

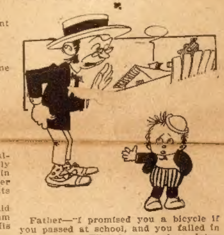
Jack—"So you told Mrs. Gotrox she looked as young as her daughter. I suppose that caught the old lady?"

Tom—"Yes; but it lost me the daughter."

Grateful.

Wife—"John, the dressmaker refuses to make me another gown unless you pay her bill."

Hum—"Heaven bless that woman! That's very good of her."



Father—"I promised you a bicycle if you passed at school, and you failed in every study. What have you been doing with your time?"

Jimmy—"Learning to ride a bicycle."

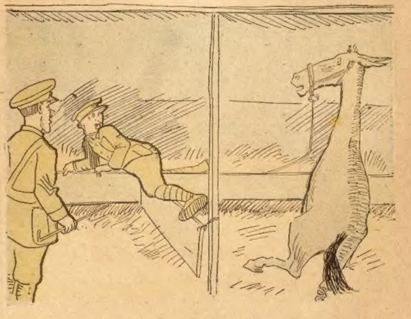
A Bad Break.

While on a visit to friends in another city a lady related her experiences with a teacher in her home town.

"The teacher on whom I called," she said, "made a bad 'break,' but I don't think she was conscious of it."

"What was the 'break'?" inquired one of the company.

"I won't ask you to guess," was the response, "so I'll tell. One of the scholars in the class told the teacher that Jimmy Brown was chewing gum and sticking his feet across the aisle. 'Jimmy, you bad boy,' she said, 'take that stuff out of your mouth and put your feet in.'"



Sergeant—"Frightened of 'im, are you? Didn't you 'ave to do with animals before you joined up?"

Recruit—"Yessir. I was a lion tamer."

Misled in Milwaukee

Or, The Search for Xeno

By Harry Stephen Keeler

[Copyright 1917, W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 25, June 23. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON TRACK OF THE THIEF.

AT CLINT'S excited outburst both the face of the girl and the older man showed profound surprise. But Clint, looking down at her, hurriedly went on:

"Miss Seagrove, do you remember when I got on [illegible] Flyer Tuesday afternoon [illegible] town of Wauwaukauchee [illegible] I came up the aisle, a [illegible] om you called me back?"

"Indeed I do. A heavy-set man with with a red mustache and a red face A man with a gray flannel shirt? He got on at a station just ahead of yours."

"Well, that man was Tom Medford, the town marshal of Nagahotah., W[illegible] He knew me when my brother and I were just boys in Wauwaukauchee Lake."

With this statement Clint launched into an explanation of how Medford had declared that he was going to Milwaukee to bring back a certain Double-Eye, wanted for safe blowing in Nagahotah, and that he was stopping off at Oconomowoc to interview the man whose stolen automobile had carried the crook to Milwaukee and five days' freedom When Clint finished, Pomeroy immediately lifted the receiver of his desk 'phone and rang a number. A clicking ensued.

"Hello," he said. "Police headquarters? This is Mr. Gordon Pomeroy of the Pabst Building. Yes. What can you tell me about a certain Edward McGuirk, known, I believe, to your system as Double-Eye?"

A pause followed, in which the slight squeaking of a voice in the transmitter was audible. It continued for a long while. Then the lawyer said good-by and hung up. He spun around in his swivel chair and faced the younger people.

"Well," he remarked quietly, "it looks to me very much as if the whole unfortunate tangle is due to the honorable Double-Eye. Police headquarters say that he was picked up in Milwaukee Monday night, in a police raid on some suspicious hangout of crooks, down near the railroad yards. They already had telegraphic notification that he was wanted in Nagahotah, Wis., for breaking jail there on the charge of bank robbery. He was taken back Wednesday on extradition papers brought by the marshal of that town. And——"

"And was anything found on him?" the girl asked eagerly.

Pomeroy shook his head dejectedly. "They say no. Whether he had pulled off any jobs in the big city here, after taking French leave from Nagahotah, they have no way of knowing. He refused to talk: and if had anything, it was either hidden or in the hands of friends at the time he was arrested in the raid." The lawyer stopped, gazing abstractedly out of the window. "It's deplorable, it is. The facts of the matter, Miss Seagrove, with your description are as plain as day. This slippery crook, after he fled to Milwaukee among friends, read in the papers about the Shultz-Mullenhauser affair; altho he was probably lying low, he took a chance and made his way around there twice Sunday, once in the afternoon to get the lay of the land, and later in the evening to see what he could turn his agile fingers to. Just as you suggested, he found a chance to shin up the columns of the porch and make an entrance into that bedroom in time to carry off your note and the Shultz-Mullenhauser necklace." He drummed dispiritedly on the desk with his fingers. "It leaves us in an unpleasant predicament, tho."

A long pause followed, in which some hard thinking was done by all three. Finally Pomeroy broke the silence. "We may possibly find a way to bring this man back to Milwaukee and grill him until he tells us what he did with the necklace. The law is full of surprises." He stopped, then looked toward Merle. "But, Miss Seagrove, finish what you had started to tell us."

"Yes," she declared. "I want to come to the end of the affair." She paused, evidently trying to recall where she had broken off when Clint had interpolated his surprising revelation in the narrative. "When I stopped," she said, "I was just telling you how I left the Shultz-Mullenhauser home to take the night train to St. Paul. I reached the Twin Cities next morning at about ten o'clock, and took a taxicab at once for Mr. Krop's jewelry store on Wabasha street.

"I told him my proposition—told him that even together Phil and I did not have the twelve hundred that he had stolen; but that if blood money was to be demanded I would include with the thousand dollars a necklace that I had brought with me, which surely would make up the difference and the legitimate interest. I told Krop that unless he removed the shadow from Phil and trusted him to make up the balance later, I would withdraw my own savings from the affair and let Phil and him fight it out together. And I took pains to mention that we held his letter which approached perilously close to blackmail. So ——'

"And then he changed his tactics in a jiffy—and accepted?" Pomeroy put in.

"Yes. He saw plainly that he had involved himself in blackmail thru writing that injudicious letter to Phil; or else he saw a chance to get back a thousand dollars of the money which he might never have got back from ten other people in similar circumstances. He unlocked the safe, brought out the signed confession and the forged checks and took my money in exchange. And while he waited on a customer I went to his desk, made up a packet of them and sealed it, intending to send it to Phil by registered special delivery, so that he might know that my errand was successful.

"Outside," the girl went on after a short pause, "I changed my mind about intrusting such a valuable and incriminating thing to the mails, and decided to keep it on my person and take it back to Phil myself. So I went to a hotel and rested up the remainder of the day from the long, hard journey."

"And in the meantime," Clint put in, "according to certain newspaper clippings which Chief Lauterbach triumphantly showed me, a private secretary of Mr. Shultz-Mullenhauser's followed you and found where you had gone and also the hotel you were staying at. One Eugene Nye."

Her face crimsoned. "Yes, young Mr. Eugene Nye. Mr. Nye had been hired on a want ad by Mr. Gustav Shultz-Mullenhauser some two weeks before, to do secretarial work in the big house; for Mr. Shultz-Mullenhauser is a pretty fleshy man, and his high blood pressure has been preventing him from going downtown every day." She stopped, and again her face crimsoned. "Mr. Nye came to me at the hotel Monday night in St. Paul. He told me that he had followed me away from the house that night; and that he suspected that I was doing something wrong. At any rate," she added wearily, "he put an old proposition to me. He wanted me to go West with him—told me that he had cared for me ever since he had first come in to the household: but—but his proposition did not include marriage. He told me that he could not marry a common governess."

"And you turned his proposition down?" Clint cried eagerly. "So he afterward reported you to the detective bureau of St. Paul."

"Evidently," she replied. "I refused to have anything to do with him, but he stated that he would meet me at the depot next morning and perhaps persuade me to change my mind and go West with him. He was on hand next morning in the St. Paul Depot, as I boarded the train. Why, tho, should I have done anything such as he proposed? I knew I had not done anything wrong. I knew I had left a note for Mrs. Shultz-Mullenhauser; and I had certainly nothing to fear. So I refused absolutely to do as he asked, and took my train back to Milwaukee.

"I learned afterward what happened in St. Paul after my train pulled out. Mr. Nye, before taking the next one out, in revenge reported me to the detective bureau of that city; on his suggestion they telegraphed back to the Shultz-Mullenhausers to see whether anything were wrong, and they found out that the necklace had disappeared the same night I had left. They telegraphed to the Milwaukee police department, who arranged to send a man, a Detective Heinemann—to North Milwaukee—Merrill Park, I believe—to take me off the train. I——"

"Just a minute," Clint put in, leaning forward. "You learned this in some way just after you went back to the water tank to get a drink; just as the train was pulling into the Union Depot at Milwaukee?"

She nodded again. "Yes, on the last seat of the coach was a Milwaukee paper of Tuesday noon, which some passenger had bought further up the line of the railroad. The headlines of my supposed crime stared up at me from the very edge of the water reservoir But what alarmed me most was the news that I was to be arrested when the train pulled into Milwaukee—at the depot. And we were just rolling into the train shed at that moment."

CHAPTER XV.

A STRANGE INFLUENCE.

AT THIS juncture of the girl's story, Pomeroy spoke. "And then you took sudden terror," he said kindly, "for you had no way of knowing that the man who was to make the arrest had intended to make it at Merrill Park, and had been injured in a collision of his runabout. You thought that as you stepped off the train you would be taken into custody—that the packet on you would be opened up—and that Phil's old crime would be flaunted in all the newspapers next morning?"

"Yes," she returned. "I saw that I was involved in some unfortunate tangle so far as the diamond necklace went; but why should Phil be dragged into something, too, especially since we had paid our last dollars in the world to keep it hidden? Indeed, that was the tragedy of it. The police would give it out to the reporters—and not only did [illegible] the payment of the thousand [illegible] no avail, but it meant the end of [illegible] a position that promised only [illegible]d progress from now on. The officials of the Southern Wisconsin Brewing Company would never keep a self-confessed forger and thief in their employ.

"[illegible] some lightning-like thinking [illegible] on. "The train had come to a [illegible] stop. The people were filing out. I knew that in about fifteen seconds I would be taken up. There wasn't a chance in the world to hide that packet—to destroy it, even. I caught sight of Mr. Farrell across the way, and—and something about his face seemed to suggest honesty. I felt that I could rely on him. And"—she turned to Clint—"[illegible] turned to you and gave you the packet and asked you to deliver it that night to the person whose name was on it. And almost before you had agreed, I slipped from the car.

"But to my surprise," she continued, "I walked thru the train shed and from the Union Depot unmolested; and still bewildered because I had not been arrested, I took a cab in front of the depot and rode out to a friend of my mother's, in the suburbs—an old woman who is deaf and cannot read. Afterward I followed the papers and learned how Detective Heinemann had been hurt before he reached Merrill Park. Then, later, as I still waited, hoping beyond all hope that the truth of the necklace would come to light, I found Mr. Farrell's personal advertisement.

"I hesitated for a long time whether or not to go in response to it; but I decided that since he had threatened to open it unless I came, I must go and get it back into my possession lest he turn it over to the police after he found the contents. I went to Juneau Park—and both he and I were arrested, as you know." She paused. "There you have the whole unfortunate story, Mr. Pomeroy—and Mr. Farrell, who has been so good to me."

The three sat thinking for several seconds; on the mantel an onyx clock ticked loudly away and finally chimed the hour of noontime. Then Pomeroy broke the silence.

"It's rather plain now," he remarked, "that Peter Krop of St. Paul, when he was hauled up before the St. Paul police, didn't dare tell the truth of the affair, lest it involve him in blackmail. He knew that you held that incautious letter he had sent. So he kept mum on the real object of your errand. And on account of your mentioning something about a necklace in your possession, it

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On FREE Trial!

Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So you must send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

TAKES AND MAKES Finished Pictures Instantly

You press the button, drop card in developer and in one minute take out a perfect, finished post card photo 2½x3½ inches in size. Camera, itself, is about 4½x5x7 inches. Loads in daylight 16 to 50 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the muss and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous photography. Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop; results simply amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete "Mandel-ette" outfit absolutely on approval and give you 10 days to test it. If not satisfactory return it. But when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you simply send us $1 per month until our special price of only $5 is paid.

Easy Payments—No References

No red tape of any kind. Monthly payments so small you'll not notice them. Lots of fun and big profits.

No Experience Required

Plain instructions and everything complete with outfit so you can begin taking pictures the moment it arrives. We guarantee that even a child can operate it. Mail coupon right now. No risk or obligation to keep camera.

The Chicago Ferrotype Co.,
Desk 507 Ferrotype Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once one complete model Mandel-ette Camera outfit including supply of post cards and instructions. I agree to examine and test it thoroughly and if satisfied keep it and pay you $1 a month until your special price of $5 is paid. Otherwise I will return it at the end of 10 days.

Name...

Street No...

Town .... State ....

HOW TO MAKE LOVE (NEW BOOK) Tells how to Get Acquainted; How to Begin Courtship How to Court a Bashful Girl; to Woo a Widow; to win an Heiress; how to catch a Rich Bachelor; how to manage your beau to make him propose; how to make your fellow or girl love you; what to do before and after the wedding. Tells other things necessary for Lovers to know. Sample copy by mail 10 cents. ROYAL BOOK CO., Box 52 So. Norwalk, Conn.

WE TRUST YOU

Send your name and address—no money—and we will send you 24 of our new patriotic emblem buttons with American flag (to be worn in buttonhole) to sell among your friends and neighbors at 10c each. When sold, remit us $1.20 and keep $1.20 as your cash commission for your trouble. Or you can remit full amount, $2.40, and receive valuable premium of Moving Picture Machine, Baseball Outfit, Watch or other article from our premium sheet. These emblems sell fast. Everybody wants one. Send for free outfit today and earn premium or cash commission. Patriotic Emblem Co. 51 A 337 W. Madison St., Chicago

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED

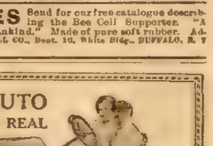
We will sell you Underwoods, Remingtons, Royals, L. C. Smiths Monarchs, etc., at a saving from 50 to 70 per cent discount. Your choice of any standard new built machine at a bargain. Every one perfect and guaranteed for five years including all repairs. Write today for our free circulars and wholesale price list. DEARBORN TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. J-1 Chicago

$10 AND UP

RHEUMATISM RECIPE

will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism. Enclose two-cent stamp W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Avenue, Los Angeles, California

LADIES Send for our free catalogue describing the Bee Cell Supporter. "A Boon to Womankind." Made of pure soft rubber. Address BEE CELL CO., Dept. 10, White Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.



FREE BOYS AND GIRLS AUTO THIS IS NOT A TOY BUT A REAL GASOLINE CAR

This is the new Junior Racer built especially for boys and girls. It is right up to the minute in design and workmanship. Rubber tires, wire wheels, plenty of room. Easy to operate—a 7-year old girl or boy can run it. No complicated parts to get out of order. You can learn to drive it in one hour. Runs 90 miles on one gallon of gasoline. I am going to give this Junior Racer Free to some boy or girl and I will also give away hundreds of other presents.

90 Miles on One Gallon Gasoline

THIS IS NOT A VOTING CONTEST—ALL I ASK IS YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS and just as soon as I get your letter I will send you a beautiful picture of the auto and tell you how to get one free of any cost to you. This not a voting contest and you can easily get a Junior Racer if you write me quick and do as I say. A postal will do for when I say Free, I mean FREE

MANAGER, JUNIOR RACER CO., Dept. B. W. MOOSEHEART, ILL.

may be that he suspected himself, after the police told him, that you had actually stolen that heirloom. What he told them, tho, clinched the case against you, Miss Seagrove." He paused. "Our only hope now is to bring back Double-Eye Eddie McGuirk and have him third-degreed—or else try and make some bargain with the Nagahotah authorities to dismiss the present charges against him, if he will bring to light this necklace and absolve an innocent party. But we're badly hampered by the fact that we can't tell the authorities the true contents of that packet."

"As for influencing the Nagahotah authorities," put in Clint, "I might be able to have a good deal of power there. I grew up in that region and know everybody. If the old farmers of those towns knew that only thru bribing this Double-Eye with freedom could he be induced to give up something that would send some one else to the penitentiary, they might really dismiss the charges." He stopped. "But this Eddie McGuirk may reason that it's best to take a short sentence of three to five years if, when he came out, he could have a twenty thousand dollar diamond necklace to live on. We've got to take that into consideration."

Pomeroy nodded gloomily. "Yes, you've uncovered the snag in the thing, Farrell." He paused, then suddenly looked up. "But now, Farrell, tell Miss Seagrove your peculiar connection with her affair—the one that involves Xeno's holding you up on dark Twenty-sixth street."

So Clint, forgetting in his rapt attention to the girl's story his own connection with affairs, told her in detail how he had come to Milwaukee to search for the vanished Xeno; how he had been held up by the latter on his second trip to her brother's boarding house; and how the other had shown indisputable knowledge that on Clint's person there was something of value—something of particular value—since he had ordered his victim in a disguised voice to "start in on the breast pocket." At the conclusion, he added:

"So the big question, Miss Seagrove, is this: My own brother held me up. He knew that the person he was holding up had in his possession something of value—either a necklace or else papers which could be sold to a rising commercial man for a few hundred dollars. I am not standing up for him. If the big city has changed his nature, I have no defense for him. But this is the puzzling question in the matter: Who, of all the ~~people in Milwaukee,~~ could have known either the real or supposed contents of that packet? That person is Xeno Zanthus Farrell."

Merle waited a long time before she replied. "There is no one in the world who could know that that packet contained a valuable necklace, because all of us know that such was not the case. And there is only one person in the whole city of Milwaukee who could have known that I was going to this man Krop of St. Paul to regain that signed confession and the forged check. This person, if he knew that, would necessarily have known that the confession and the checks were to go back to my brother on Twenty-sixth street; and I presume that he could have obtained from my brother's landlady the description of the man—yourself—who called there the first night and found that Phil had left for Omaha. This being so, this person could have lurked in the vicinity of Twenty-sixth street every night until a man of the same description dismounted from a Wells car and started up the street toward number 221." She stopped.

"And who is that individual?" Clint asked eagerly.

"Well, it is—Mr. Nye—whose room adjoins mine at the Shultz-Mullenhausers' If he was in it last Sunday evening when Phil called on me, he could have heard the whole conversation between us."

"Do you know anything of this fellow's connections?" Pomeroy asked.

She shook her head. "Nothing."

A sudden thought struck Clint with peculiar force. He leaned forward in his chair. "And you say that this Eugene Nye came to Mr. Shultz-Mullenhauser just about two weeks ago in response to a help-wanted advertisement? That he acted as stenographer and secretary? And now—now a big question: You have already mentioned that he was young. But is he of medium build—has he blue eyes and dark hair?"

"Yes," she replied wonderingly, "the first part of your statement is correct. And his general description is as you have given."

"Then," said Clint, dazedly, slumping down in his chair, "some strange influence is at work in this case. Your persecutor—this Eugene Nye—is my own brother, Xeno Zanthus Farrell!"

CHAPTER XVI.

SOME SCIENTIFIC REFERENCES

A PROFOUND silence followed Clint's statement. It endured for a long minute, and then was broken by the lawyer, who leaned over to the girl.

"Miss Seagrove, you say that this Eugene Nye, of the general description just given, came to the Shultz-Mullenhausers in response to an advertisement about two weeks ago? You are certain on the matter of the time?"

"Yes," the girl replied. "I could not give you the exact date, but two weeks would just about fit it. He made a good impression on Mr. Gustav Shultz-Mullenhauser, for he knew stenography and typewriting, and the latter hired him after the first interview. The old man prides himself on the fact that he reads men by their faces and actions, and he scorns all such things as references."

"Did he have any clothing?" asked Pomeroy. "If so, was it new or old?"

"He brought his things later in a suitcase. But I must say that all of what he had seemed to radiate an atmosphere of newness."

Pomeroy turned to Clint. "Mr. Farrell, you say that Xeno has been out of sight for just about two weeks?"

Clint nodded.

"And was he of a saving nature? Would he be likely to have had money saved up from his job at Gimbel Brothers?"

"That is Xeno to a tee," Clint replied. "He saved more than he spent and always carried it with him, even tho he worked for a bank. In fact, the reason he left the little town bank at Wauwaukauchee Lake, where he was doing stenography and typewriting, and came to Milwaukee was because he figured that with his expenses about the same and his income fifty per cent greater he could save twice as fast."

"Another question," pursued the older man. "Was there ever in your family a trace of insanity or of any neurotic ailments? Particularly, in the case of Xeno or your parents, was there ever any display of somnambulism that you can remember?"

"Sleepwalking?" Clint shook his head. "No, there wasn't. Xeno was always a queer chap, and to a certain extent lived up to the eccentric name that uncle wished on him. But as Xeno Zanthus Farrell he was a normal human being."

"The reason I asked that question," explained Pomeroy, "was on account of my remembrance of a long-involved case in the courts here recently—one which concerned the division of a big estate. The attorneys for both sides wrangled for weeks on the question of what is known as double identity, or the splitting up of the subjective consciousness. In this matter charges of hypnotic influence were dragged in, and scientific references were batted back and forth like tennis balls." He smiled grimly. "I was on one side in the case, and I surely had to dig into a field that I knew nothing about at the time.

"In fact," he went on, "numerous instances were cited in which apparently normal human beings automatically took up other identities. In all of the instances, the family histories showed neurotic strains and evidences of sleepwalking at past periods. Indeed, our own side had difficulty in proving undue influence against the charge of a congenital psychic anomaly."

Pomeroy leaned back in his swivel chair and drummed with his fingers on the arm of it. Suddenly he asked:

"Where was it that Xeno's landlady said he was going on the night he walked out of the house and never came back?"

"To the Crystal Theater on Second street."

The older man nodded. "The Crystal? Let's see—the Crystal is Milwaukee's main vaudeville theater. It might or might not be worth looking into. Now ——" He pressed a button imbedded in his desk, and a bell sounded faintly in the outer room. The call was answered almost instantly by an elderly clerk. "Bring me the file of the Milwaukee evening papers for the second week preceding this one."

The clerk disappeared, and Pomeroy, looking toward Clint again, began speaking.

"It looks absolutely as tho we are face to face with a case of double identity," he stated slowly, "and it is either a phenomenon of the subjective consciousness, or else the willful changing of identity for criminal purposes. And you don't feel, Mr. Farrell, that Xeno had a criminal trait in him—normally?"

Clint shook his head. "No, not normally. Just a little eccentric, to be sure, but straight as a string—when he was Xeno Farrell!"

Pomeroy reached up to the book shelf above his desk and withdrew a book, which, as he took it down, Clint could see bore the gold-lettered title:

"HYPNOTISM, ITS HISTORY, PRACTICE
AND THEORY
Together With the Theory of
SUBJECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS PHENOMENA
By
J. Bramner Milwell, M. B., C. M.
London: Richard Grant and Sons
69 Leicester Square, W. C.
1909."

"Let me read you some extracts from Milwell's authoritative work which was quoted back and forth and challenged at the big trial which I just mentioned," remarked Pomeroy. He turned over several pages. Clint could see where passage after passage had been marked and remarked, crossed and interlined. "Here," he said suddenly, coming to a stop in his turning of the pages, "is an illuminating statement regarding the loss of personality thru artificial means, which, however, are not involved in our case. Milwell states:

"'Owing to suggestion during hypnosis the subject may forget on awakening some or all the events of his waking life. This amnesia may be so complete that the subject is then unable to recall anything connected with his waking life, and may even have lost the sense of his own identity.'

"Now such things," Pomeroy declared, "seem almost unbelievable to the ordinary thinking individual, on account of the fact that no physical explanation can be given to account for them. Yet here," he turned over the pages further to a marked passage in the latter half of the book, "we have Professor J. Hughes Bennett's theory of loss of consciousness. While it bolsters up the possibility of such things, it again doesn't seem to fit our case because it involves artificial means. But let me read it to you, anyway. Milwell says:

"'According to Bennett, hypnosis is characterized by alterations in the functional activity of the nerve tubes of the white matter of the cerebral lobes. He claims that a certain proportion of these become paralyzed thru monotonous stimulation; while the action of others is consequently exalted. As these tubes connect the cerebral ganglion cells, suspension of their functions brings with it interruption of the connection between the ganglion cells. Hence—the strange psychical phenomena.'

"Indeed," said Pomeroy, as he riffled thru the book further, "I could read you enough here to prove that your first excited suggestion isn't so far-fetched after all—provided we could prove some psychical influence at work in this matter. There's always the slightest chance that——"

His words were interrupted by the entrance of the clerk he had summoned to secure the back files of the Milwaukee papers. The latter stepped up to the desk and laid down the patent binding containing six or seven. Then he left, closing the door behind him

Pomeroy scanned each leaf in turn, studying the theatrical advertisements on the inner page of each issue intently. Suddenly he stopped. His face showed profound surprise. He read rapidly, his lips moving slightly. Both Merle and Clint watched him curiously, the latter wondering what he had found. Then the lawyer swung around in his swivel chair.

"It appears," he declared gravely, "that we've solved the whole riddle at last." He thrust the file into Clint's hand, his right forefinger pointing first at a column of theatrical advertisements, prominent among which was the announcement of the Crystal Theater. Then his finger traveled horizontally across the page to a news story.

Clint's eyes first riveted themselves on the theatrical advertisments. The one in question read.

CRYSTAL THEATER.
This Week.

Tommy Orkle, Blackface Comedian
Dottie and Lottie, Singers and Dancers
Hems and Haws, in One Act Playlet
Juggling Jasper, Clever Boy With His Hands

Americo-National Weekly Film News
And

PROFESSOR HYPNO,
THE WORLD'S GREATEST HYPNOTIST.
IN AMAZING DEMONSTRATIONS
OF THE POWER OF MIND
OVER MIND.

Like a flash Clint's eyes traveled across the page to the news article which Pomeroy had indicated, noticing as he did so that the paper bore the date of just two weeks before. The article ran:

"PROFESSOR HYPNO DIES SUDDENLY
IN THE WINGS OF THE CRYSTAL
THEATER.

"TRAVELING VAUDEVILLE PERFORMER TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL
BY HEART ATTACK AND DIES
IN THE MIDDLE OF ACT.

"Jules Le Croix, known to the vaudeville profession as Professor Hypno, was taken suddenly with a heart attack during his act on the stage of the Crystal

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as the prescription othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

DEATH To Insects

Ever see a woman hunting bugs when there weren't any? Imaginary bugs make almost as much work as real ones. Don't worry.

BLACK FLAG
INSECT POWDER

kills the bugs and saves the work. Deadly to fleas, chicken lice, flies, ants, roaches, moths, bed bugs, etc. Packed in sealed glass bottles to hold its strength. Non-poisonous. 10 cents, 25 cents and 50 cents, everywhere or
BLACK FLAG
822 W. Lombard St. Baltimore, Md.
Write for Free Fairy Story Book.
TRADE MARK

$1 a week buys a Black Beauty Bike

You must see and ride a Black Beauty Bicycle to appreciate how really different it is. Its style, durability and speed defy imitation. PROVE IT at our risk.

Direct From Factory—On Approval

Let us send (freight prepaid) a Black Beauty on trial. If you don't like it return at our expense. If you do like it, you pay ONLY $1.00 A WEEK.
Guaranteed For Five Years by the Largest Exclusive Cycle House in America. Five Models. Prices $30 up
FREE—Black Beauty Color Catalog on request.
Haverford Cycle Co., Est. 1896, Dept. K, Phila., Pa.

WANTED MEN!
$75 TO $300 A MONTH!

Demand for capable automobile and tractor men far exceeds the supply. Our graduates secure good paying positions as Salesmen, Demonstrators, Factory Testers, Garage Managers, Drivers and Tractor Experts.

$50 Course FREE

Only six weeks required to train you in this great school. Most complete instruction. Instructors all experts. Enroll now and receive $50 Course in Tractor and Lighting Engineering Free. Write today for our big Free Book and $50 Free Scholarship Certificate.
RAHE'S AUTOMOBILE TRAINING SCHOOL
Largest Auto Training School in the World.
1028 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

Rider AGENTS Wanted
1917 Model
in each town to ride and show a new 1917 model "RANGER" bicycle. Write for our special offer on a sample to introduce.
DELIVERED FREE on approval and 30 days' trial. Send for big free catalog and particulars of most marvelous offer ever made on a bicycle. You will be astonished at our low prices and remarkable terms.
94 STYLES, sizes and colors in Ranger bicycles. Most complete line in America. Other guaranteed models $11.95, $16.75 and $17.50. A few good second-hand bicycles taken in trade, $3 to $8 to clear.
Tires, lamps, wheels, sundries, parts, and all bicycle supplies at half usual prices. Do not buy until you get our catalog and offers. Write Now.
MEAD CYCLE CO. DEPT. L-53, CHICAGO

21 Jewels Adjusted to the second
Adjusted to temperature positions and isochronism

The Burlington SMASHES All Watch Competition

The New Burlington is now ready! and at record breaking prices. A superb watch, adjusted to the very second, new ideas in thin 25-year cases. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, handsome monogram shipped to you for your approval. See it first. Then decide whether you will purchase. Send today for free booklet about our great watch offer.

$2.50 a Month

And all of this for $2.50—only $2.50 a month for the masterpiece of watch manufacture—direct to you—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high-grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price.

Send for FREE Watch Book Write today for new Burlington Watch Book, absolutely free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Write today for our new watch book and our offers. Write Now.
BURLINGTON WATCH COMPANY 19th Street and Marshall Blvd. Dept. [illegible] CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Theater last night. He was carried off into the wings, and a doctor summoned from the audience, but he died before he could be taken to a hospital. The coroner's verdict was fibrous myocarditis, of long standing origin.

"The attack brought with it most unusual complications. A number of Le Croix's traveling patients, who can pass easily and quickly into the hypnotic state, were left in that condition; one man playing a broomstick as a banjo, another standing on the stage on all fours believing that he was a dog; and a young woman, also a part of his traveling force, picking imaginary hairs off her clothing.

"Also on the stage at the time were several volunteers from the audience, the professor having just stated that he would induce temporary but complete loss of memory of self thru hypnotic suggestion. With the removal of the operator all of the patients emerged naturally and quickly from the hypnotic state, and the volunteers were able to return to their seats in the audience. The body is being sent back to New York."

This remarkable story will be concluded in the next issue of the Ledger. During the coming months many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you to send in a year's subscription. It costs you only $1.00, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Ideas of Golf.

Many good anecdotes are told of some of the curious ideas held about golf by people before its modern popularity had set in. One lady, making sympathetic conversation at dinner, said to a keen golfer:

"I often see you in your red coat. Do you need many dogs to play golf?"

A young lady said she knew exactly how the game was played.

"They get what they call caddies to hunt about in the grass till they find a round stone, and then hit it into a rabbit hole."

A third lady, who had evidently a nearer view of the game, said:

"It is played by two men. One is a gentleman and the other is a common man. The common man sticks a ball on a lump of dirt, and the gentleman knocks it off."

* * *

Fair Warning.

"Yes, sir," said the station master, 'safety first has spread all over this country. And nobody that comes to Beaver Hill will ever git in no accidents fer want o' warnin' signs about. Jest look at that, now."

The stranger gazed appreciatively at the sign nailed on a nearby telegraph pole. Its stern message was:

"It is dangerous to walk or stand on these tracks while a train is passing."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words; less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EXperience unnecessary. Earn while you learn. Hundreds of good positions open. Write today for large list of openings and testimonials from hundreds of members we have placed in positions paying $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest office. Dept. B-37, National Salesman's Training Ass'n, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT AS my agents and take orders for "Kantleak" raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3 98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., 13 Card St., Dayton, Ohio.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Exactly resemble genuine; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight; repeat orders. Write quick for sample case offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., K J, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

PORTRAITS, MEDALLIONS, PHOTO PILlow tops, luminous crucifix, photo plates, frames, sheet pictures, papier mache frames, etc. Lowest prices; rejects credited; prompt shipments; 30 days' credit; catalog and samples free. Jas C. Bailey, Desk P-3, Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentative to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York City.

NEW PATRIOTIC WAR ATLAS FREE with my 1917 "Business Guide." Sells everywhere. Beginners clear $7 daily. 60% commission. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box B 1, Naperville, Ill.

FLOWER BEAD NECKLACES SELLING like hot cakes. Agents coining money. Send for catalog and proposition. Mission Bead Co., 2819B, W. Pico, Los Angeles, Calif.

AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 20 S. Main, St. Louis.

$9 DAILY INTRODUCING NEW WONderful invention that keeps cows from kicking or switching tail. Connell Shackle Co., Hoquiam, Wash.

MACHINE MAKES BUTTER AT 4c LB. Costs 65c. Write J. Casper, Gateway Sta., Mo.

ARISTO NONRUB WASHING TABLET. Samples free. Biggest seller out. Schubert, 3210A So. Halsted, Chicago.

MIDGET BIBLE, POSTAGE STAMP SIZE, 200 pages, 10c (coin), dozen 75c. J. Jackson Chattanooga, Tenn.

HELP WANTED

CHIROPRACTIC DOCTORS MAKE LARGE incomes, our graduates earn $3,000 to $6,000 yearly, be independent; work for yourself; this big paying profession easily learned by correspondence; special rates now; illustrated book free. American University, Dept. 313, 162 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

WAR MEANS THOUSAND MEN—WOMEN, 18 or over, wanted by Government for permanent clerical positions. $100 month. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 30 Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

FREE TO ANYBODY, GREATEST WAR game. Value one dollar. Write 100 envelopes from home people, nothing to sell. [illegible] for stamp. The Keyboard Mfg. Co., 314 Fay Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

WANT A BIGGER JOB? MORE SALARY? Less work? Particulars free. Henry Shaw, Director, 44 Boylston St., Boston, Dept. 10.

WANTED—MEN TO BECOME CHAUFfeurs. $25 week. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E809, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—MEN—WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH. List Government jobs open,—free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-170, Rochester, N. Y.

25c EACH EARNED COLLECTING names. Details for stamp. Unkefer Co., K A, Baltimore, Md.

$35 WEEKLY COLLECTING NAMES AND addresses. Send stamp. Ursus Company, Dept. A2, Chicago Ill.

MALE HELP WANTED

MEN, BECOME LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN, brakemen, electric motormen and conductors and earn big money. Hundreds placed to work, $75 and $100 month. No experience necessary. Write at once. Inter Railway Dept. (A), Majestic Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL, POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Booklet free. Arthur Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

LEARN SIGN PAINTING WITH OUR NEW patented lettering device. Practical, sure easy to learn, and cheap. Satisfaction guaranteed. Booklet free. Easy Sign System, Nebraska City, Nebr.

NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY WANTS young man in each county to learn and do detective work. Write P. O. Box 867, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau East St. Louis, Ills.

$20.00 WEEKLY MADE WRITING NAMES for mail order houses. No canvassing. Particulars for stamp. The Guide Company, Memphis, Tennessee.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERVice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

GIVEN TO ANY WOMAN. BEAUTIFUL 100 piece gold dec. dinner set for distributing (not selling) only 5 doz. pkgs. Diamond Dust Soap Powder free among friends. No money or experience needed. New Method Mfg. Co., 728-734 N. Franklin St., Chicago.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS NEED SOCKS. Good money made at home knitting hosiery. Machines furnished on time. We pay you fixed rates for making the goods the year round. Wheeler, Inc., F 337 Madison, Chicago.

WOMEN — START DRESSMAKING — DEsigning business in your homes. Earn $100 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. E 854, Rochester, N. Y.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. S, Omaha Neb.

OLD COINS WANTED

WE PAY $80.00 FOR CERTAIN LARGE cents. $5.00 for certain eagle cents, etc. High premiums paid for rare coins to 1912. Many in circulation. Watch your change. Send 4c now. Get our large illustrated coin and stamp circular. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas.

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY, SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, stories, etc. We accept them in any form —correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards. Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, Box 10, Auburn, N. Y.

AUTO TIRES AND TUBES

30X3½ NONSKID GUARANTEED TIRE, $10.00; 30x3 nonskid guaranteed tire, $8.00; 30x3 or 30x3½ Universal tube, $2.25. Terms—Cash 2%, or net C. O. D. Para Auto Tire Company, 1423 Michigan Av., Chicago.

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY

HEALTH, STRENGTH AND BEAUTY without drugs 10c; money back; pimples, blackheads, acne, other blemishes removed. Piles removed, guaranteed not to return, treatment $1.00; be fat, thin or improve your figure, as you like, by guaranteed harmless natural method; ladies special free offer for stamp. Amprod, Box 262, Edgewood, R. I.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED ON CASH and royalty basis. Inventors and manufacturers write at once. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

BUSINESS OPPURTUNITIES

IMMENSE OIL PROFITS! "WAR IS MAKing the oil companies richer, but peace will bury them with wealth." The oil industry is now entering the greatest era known in history, and fortunes are being made in Kentucky and other fields. Are you getting your share? Send for free copy of "Oilfield News," containing live news of interest to every oil investor in America. You cannot afford to be without it. Get latest information regarding "profits in oil." Six months' subscription free to next 1,000 applicants. Save $2.50 by writing today. It may mean a comfortable fortune for you. First come, first served. Nelson Co., 1472 Broadway, Suite 1700, New York.

FREE FOR SIX MONTHS — MY SPECIAL offer to introduce my magazine, "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to any one who has not acquired sufficient money to provide necessities and comforts for self and loved ones. It shows how to become richer quickly and honestly. Investing for Profit is the only progressive financial journal and has the largest circulation in America. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200; write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 453, 28 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

INVESTORS MAGAZINE FREE TO YOU. $10 invested with us has made others $290 00 in few months. "Hoffman's Investment Journal," tells how this was done. This magazine gives facts about the real earning power of money. Tells how many have started on the road to fortune. We will send it three months free. If you want to make money, write for this magazine today. Hoffman Trust Company, 677 Carter Building, Houston, Texas.

$1 MAY START YOU TO FORTUNE. GET your share of millions being paid in oil dividends. An interest in our cooperative well may earn you $100 monthly. Full information, complete maps free. Write today. General offices. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., O 2823 Ann, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly. Complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

SAFEST, MOST PROFITABLE INVESTment on earth. Enormous profits. Let us explain. Lindstrom Investment Co., Yankton, S. D.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments in oil making millionaires. Address Midwest Investment Bureau, 683 Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, AT&SF Ry., 19[illegible]1 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

OWN A FARM HOME! HERE'S A CHANCE for independence for wage earners, farm renters. Investigate our low terms; small or large tracts in Michigan's fruit and clover belt. $15 to $25 acre. 10 acres, $5 to $25 down; 20 acres, $10 to $50 down; 40 acres, $25 to $100 down; balance small monthly or yearly payments. Excellent for general farming, stock, dairying, poultry, vegetables, fruit. Near towns, schools, good transportation. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Natl. Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS WANTED

I HAVE CASH BUYERS FOR SALABLE farms. Will deal with owners only. Give full description, location and cash price. James P. White, New Franklin, Mo.

SONG POEMS WANTED

SONG POEMS WANTED—FOR BEST OFFER submit manuscript to Needham Music Co., D 44, St. Louis, Mo.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS!—STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Actual search and patentability report free. Send sketches and description, or model, of your invention. My patent sales service gets full value. 1917 edition ninety-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is a 72-page treatise telling what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. S. Hill, 933 McLachlen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Free book tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Parker, 4276 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. ADVICE AND books free. Highest references. Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer, 624 F St., Washington, D. C.

SONG WRITERS

SONGS AND POEMS PUBLISHED FREE on commission. Chicago Song House, 1545 Wells St., Chicago.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO HABIT CURED BY HARMLESS recipe. Sent free. Superba Co., FA, Baltimore, Md.

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS' "MANUAL AND GUIDE" free! We compose and facilitate free publication or sale. Submit poems. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., New York.

PERSONAL

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on symptoms and cure for varicocele, stricture and urinary diseases. Every man should have it; postage 4 cents. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 112 N. Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; REmember, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY RICH, BE HAPPY AND PROSPERous. Big list of descriptions and photos of congenial people with means free. Sealed, confidential. Either sex. Standard Club, Box 607, Grayslake, Ill.

ARE YOU BASHFUL, SELF-CONSCIOUS? Embarrassed in company? These troubles overcome. Write for particulars. Correspondence confidential. A. O. Veritas, 1400 Broadway, New York.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; HUNDREDS RICH wish marriage; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. "The Successful Club," Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

MEN—COIN MONEY, SELL PICTURES MEN like. 6-25c, 12-50c, 36-$1.00. State age. Paris Art Co., B, Kalamazoo, Mich. Terms with orders.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT, AGE 33, DEsires to correspond with some young lady between the age of 20 and 33, object matrimony. Box 137, Mason City, Iowa.

WIDOW, WORTH $80,000, DAUGHTER, 18, with $30,000, will marry honorable gentlemen. Answer quick. R. R. Box 584, Los Angeles, Cal.

GENT'S ARTICLE — SOMETHING NEW Guaranteed. Send dime for 25c sample. Rick Co., Logansport, Ind.

WEALTHY, HEALTHY, HANDSOME, BUT lonely young widow desires marriage. Write "Mary," Box 4, San Diego, California.

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED—BIG PAPER WITH ALL names, addresses, descriptions, photos 25c. Wren, 45, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE; BEST PUBlication for sure results; reliable. Eastern Agency, 55, Bridgeport, Connecticut.

GET MARRIED; LARGE. HANDSOMELY illustrated matrimonial magazine mailed free. H. Jahn, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRY—PHOTOS, DESCRIPTIONS FREE. All honest advertisers. No fakes. Alpha Rice, (B2), Charlotte, Mich.

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.50 each Agate Line; for Classified 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined. These two weeklies have an average circulation of

5,000,000
READERS WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Improve your work and it will improve you

Go right and you will have plenty of elbow room.

Lot's wife turned to salt only after she had turned to rubber.

Even a well-preserved woman may have an acid disposition

If people told only what they know there would be less talking.

You never hear a married man say he prefers a storm to a dead calm

Patience is a slow-going virtue, but those who have it win in a walk.

Very often the girl who marries for a home doesn't stay in it very much.

Few men appreciate their freedom until they find themselves in jail or married.

Good opportunities are lost to the lover who knows not how to embrace them

Tell a girl that you are interested in her and she will find it hard to blame you.

The smaller the woman the easier it is for her to twist a big man around her finger

A charitable speech does little credit to a man who is afraid to put his hand in his pocket

A man never knows what he can do until he tries, and then he's often sorry he found out

It is more blessed to give than to receive, but the majority of us know it merely from hearsay.

Every man knows how a wife should be managed, but few are able to give a successful demonstration

When the right girl meets the right man there is not much more to be said except by the minister

A poet has been known to make dollars out of lines that ordinary mortals could not make sense out of

The average man thinks he would have been a perfect terror in war if business had not kept him at home.

Some men want the earth, but the sloppy merchant is usually satisfied if allowed to appropriate the sidewalk

It keeps wives as busy providing things for the inner man as it does husbands in providing things for the outer woman.

When the other fellow tells you a falsehood and you catch him at it he thinks he is clumsy and you think you are clever.

You can't tell anything about the language a man has in reserve until he has lost his collar button and is trying to catch the next train.

That woman who said a man is a fool if he takes a woman's advice and a fool if he doesn't might have said at the start that all men are fools, but she tried to break the news gently.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

The most fashionable skirts do not flare

Jersey may be effectively trimmed with serge

Even tho skirts do hang straight, there is always fullness

Poplin is a fabric much to the fore in the new things for summer wear

A new idea in neckwear is to have the edges of the collars and cuffs bound with a bright-colored checked material.

Very beautiful are the new pearl buttons, in which rainbow tints are noticeable. These are an effective trimming on new wash skirts.

Pumpkin yellow is undoubtedly the favorite color just now, and it is seen not only in the jersey weaves, but in velvets, duvetyns and cloths. The color combines well with stripes and plaids and also tones up costumes of dark velvet, and is much patronized in sweaters, scarfs and other accessories. Light green may be said to come second in the color schemes and is also a good combination color, being used frequently to match the predominating stripe or figure, and check in some of the sport suits.

❧

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A wire egg whip will beat a cake in less time and also will make it of finer grain.

The inkstain on the rug will disappear if you can shift the rug so that the sun will shine on the spot.

Washing dishes in a wooden tub or bowl will spare them the chipping they so often get from a metal pan.

To clean painted walls dissolve two ounces of borax in two quarts of water, add one teaspoonful of ammonia and add half of this amount to a pail of water, using no soap.

If your wall paper is disfigured by a stain that cannot be removed, procure some of the same paper and roughly tear from it an irregular patch which is a little larger than the stain to be hidden. Carefully paste this patch over the stain. The irregular, torn edge of it will almost defy detection.

The traveler's closet may be hung up in a closetless bedroom and will keep dainty frocks free from dust. There is a wire frame at the top and underneath a rod to hold garment hangers. From the frame runs along a rod in front and may be drawn close or pushed back. The cretonne curtain folds up around the wire frame and the closet may be tucked into a trunk tray or even into a week-end suitcase.

❧

NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

When preparing to draw the threads for hemstitching or drawn work, take a small brush that has been dipped in water, rub lightly on a cake of soap and draw it evenly over the threads you wish to pull out. They will come easily, and will seldom break

A strip of Irish lace about three inches wide forms the nucleus for a boudoir cap. It is long enough to reach from the forehead across the head to the nape of the neck. On each side of this are attached three overlapping frills of pleated net footing, sewed to a thin net foundation cap provided with a casing and narrow rubber. Two pieces of half-inch satin ribbon encircling the cap are caught at the front with a tiny ribbon rose and are knotted at the back into a rosette with long streamer ends. This cap can be worn with the Irish lace running across the head from ear to ear, the frills falling over the face and neck. It all depends upon the becomingness.

When your particular little boy sings for his supper see that he is set down to something as attractive as this little supper set. It consists of a traycloth of crash all finished with fancy buttonholing in black and embellished with a procession of animals from the cross-stitch book. The bib, which Tommy Tucker will put on to protect his clean suit will follow the same general decorative scheme. Then there are two little napkins each with one of the cross—no, cross-stitched—animals in one corner. These are used to form an extra protection under the little one's plate, especially if the cloth is used to cover his portion of a polished table. Surely a kiddie would not grow obstinate at a supper served under such attractive conditions

❧

HEALTH NOTES.

To cure colds mix one pint of lard and two ounces of camphor gum, heat, and when cool add one tablespoonful of strong ammonia. Keep in cool air-tight place. Apply to soft flannel and put on chest

A pure and wholesome remedy to correct constipation is called bran lemonade. This is made by adding one pint of cold water to two tablespoonfuls of wheat bran. Let this remain over night and in the morning add the juice of one lemon.

If an artery is cut, the blood is a bright red color and comes in spurts; this is very dangerous; act quickly. Send for a doctor at once, treat as in vein cut, crowding gauze into the wound, and hold tight with bandages. Compress artery by tight bandages near the wound, but between heart and wound.

The value of exercise in developing certain parts of the body is well known. An excellent exercise for the development of the forearm is to stand erect and have the hands hang naturally at the sides. Then clinch the fists tightly and stiffen the forearms. Next twist the forearms, both, the right to the right and the left to the left, as far as possible without undue effort; then reverse the motion, the right arm to the left and the left arm to the right. Repeat a number of times. After this hold the arms extended straight in front of you and go thru the same twisting motions. Holding the arms extended from the shoulders, sideways, toward the right and left, respectively, go thru the same twisting motions.

❧

RECIPES.

PRUNE PIE—Soak and cook one pound dried prunes, one and one-half cupfuls prune pulp and juice, add two tablespoonfuls cornstarch, one-half cup sugar. Cook slowly until thick. Cool. Have already baked a rich pie crust. When cool add prune filling and cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored

POTATOES CURRIED—Chop and fry a good-sized onion in a little butter until it becomes a pale yellow; add one-half pint of milk and plain stock mixed and two tablespoonfuls rice flour. Boil up and simmer till the onion is done. Cut some cold potatoes into dice, add them to the above with a teaspoon of curry powder, salt and a little lemon juice. Serve as soon as hot and impregnated with the curry powder.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your own individual measure, from the finest cloth and high grade linings. It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our clothes.

No Extra Charges of any kind—All the latest fancy styles, extreme peg tops, fancy golf bottoms, fancy sleeve cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—Everything Free!

Earn $40 to $60 a Week in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

Don't Wait! Don't Delay! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.
Washington Tailoring Co. Dept. 105, Chicago

INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS

GENUINE Photogrphs of Beautiful women in different poses. When they reach you through the mail they seem to be pieces of BLANK PAPER but in a few seconds, and at no cost to you, they can be turned into real Photographs. Boys! These are classy Pictures and you will like them. We send 3 for 10 cts by mail. 10 for 25 cts. all different.

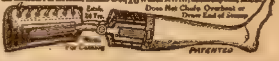
CROWN NOV. CO., Dept. A, Stamford, Conn.

2 Rings and Bracelet FREE

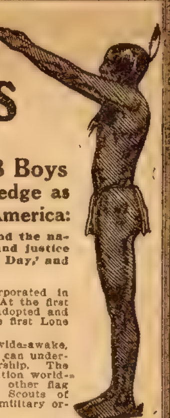
Sell 6 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box. Valuable preparation for burns, sores, tetter, piles, catarrh, corns, bunions, etc. Return the $1.50 and we will send these 3 fine gold plated premiums, warranted, or choice from large catalog. Write for salve today. WE TRUST YOU.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 305 Woodsboro, Md.

Erickson Artificial Limb Co., 15 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.



Estb. 34 Yrs.
Does Not Chafe Overheat or Draw End of Stump
For Catalog
PATENTED



Lone Scout Indian

202,498 LONE SCOUTS

In 89 Weeks 202,498 Boys have taken the following pledge as members of Lone Scouts of America:

"I pledge my allegiance to my flag and the nation for which it stands, with liberty and justice for all. I will 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day,' and be worthy of the name, Lone Scout."

The Lone Scouts of America was incorporated in Washington, District of Columbia, in 1915. At the first meeting of the incorporators, by-laws were adopted and W. D. Boyce was elected Chief Totem. The first Lone Scout took the pledge on October 25, 1915.

1 The Lone Scouts of America is for all wide-awake, ambitious boys everywhere. Any boy who can understand the pledge is eligible to membership. The pledge is so worded as to make the organization world-wide, including any boy living under some other flag than the United States flag. The Lone Scouts of America encourages patriotism, but is not a military organization in any sense.

2 The purpose of the Lone Scouts of America is to give the boys all the advantages of the Boy Scout movement (which was started in the United States by W. D. Boyce, Chief Totem of the Lone Scouts) while permitting them to operate alone if it is not convenient for them to belong to Tribes. Woodcraft and Scouting are only a part of the instructions. The Lone Scout motto is: 'Do a Useful Thing Each Day." Every boy who lives up to this motto is going to be a successful man.

3 There are no membership dues or fees to pay; no expensive equipment for boys or their parents to buy. The Lone Scouts of America is not a money-making proposition. The organization is supported by the sale of its weekly magazine, "Lone Scout," in which instructions are given the Scouts. "Lone Scout" is sold by news agents for 3 cents a copy. Subscription rates, 25 cents four months, 75 cents a year.

4 As a member progresses in his Scout work he is awarded Degrees with appropriate Badges, and these Degrees make up Lodges. Badges of the first three Degrees (Tepee Lodge) are shown on the left. After the Tepee Lodge comes the Totem Pole Lodge. A member in this Lodge is entitled to put up a Lone Scout Totem Pole, upon which is placed a record of his Degrees.

5 In applying for membership, fill out the Application Blank given below, and send it with 2-cent stamp.

W. D. BOYCE, Chief Totem,
500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

LONE SCOUT
DO A USEFUL THING EACH DAY
W. D. BOYCE CHIEF TOTEM

MEMBERSHIP BADGE

FIRST DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

SECOND DEGREE

SECOND DEGREE BADGE (Bronze)

LONE SCOUT
THIRD DEGREE

THIRD DEGREE BADGE (Silver)

CUT OUT HERE

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP K

CHIEF TOTEM, 500 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Date 1917

I am ready, with consent of my parents or guardian, to take the Lone Scout Pledge, which I have read. Herewith find 2 cents in stamps to pay for mailing Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts of America, First Degree Instructions and Tribe Booklet.

Name.. Age................
Town.. State................
St. No., P. O., or R. F. D. ....

King's Mountain Boys

Or, Under Liberty's Banner

By Captain Jack Judson

[Copyright 1917 by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Begun in No. 23, June 9. Subscriptions can begin with that issue or back copies can be obtained from news stands, our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.

ETHAN SHOWS HIS SPIRIT.

ETHAN BYRD, the young mountaineer, was one of the first to catch sight of the camp of the patriots which was bathed in the beams of the rising sun. He turned after a look to Jason, and said, as a smile appeared on his lips:

"It doesn't look like a great camp, but it holds the men who will show Colonel Ferguson that Carolinians can fight."

"Yes, lad," nodded the old scout. "Wait till you have seen all the [illegible]. We'll be on the trail soon."

"Where shall I find Colonel Shelby?" Ethan was anxious to deliver the ring which he had taken from Master Malley, the courier.

"You're likely to find him anywhere," answered Jason. "He's like a flea, here now and gone the next moment.

The little party having in charge the six Tories caught in one of their marauding depredations, as we have witnessed, filed thru a hollow of the hills and came suddenly upon the camp itself. Jason observed that its numbers had been augmented since he last saw it, and he said to Ethan that the ranks must be nearly full.

"Over yonder is Colonel Shelby and Captain McDowell is with him." He directed the youth's gaze to a little group of men in buckskin.

"We will see him at once, Jason."

The arrival in camp caused considerable stir, and tough-looking and vengeful men gathered about the prisoners. The Tories looked at their captors pleadingly.

"Say nothin' to arouse the boys," Jason admonished, as he caught the captives' looks. "Every man in camp has suffered at the hands of British or Tory an' a word will send them off like a match in a powder magazine."

It required no little ingenuity to house the Tories in a strong cabin which stood in the middle of the mountain camp, after which Jason and Ethan sought out Colonel Isaac Shelby.

"So you overhauled one of Ferguson's couriers?" said the backwoods officer as he took the captured ring from Ethan's hands. "I must congratulate you, Master Byrd. But why didn't you fetch the courier with you?"

"I preferred bringing the ring," smiled Ethan.

"Just as well, no doubt. If it is really a talking ring, as the red men would say, you have done well."

Taking his knife from his pocket, Shelby pried the upper section of the ring apart, and sure enough, as Chester Malley had said, a bit of thin paper was discovered. Shelby's face lit up with triumph.

"These redcoats are ingenious," said he, looking up. "They carry silver bullets which they can swallow and rings which they use for hiding-places for messages of war."

During this time he was straightening out the creases of the dispatch, and presently it lay on his broad brown palm. The writing was minute, but Shelby's eyes were as keen as an eagle's, and, after studying the message in silence a short time, he gave utterance to a little ejaculation

"It is exactly the information we want," he said, his face showing a gratified expression. "It locates Colonel Ferguson and more. It really tells us where he expects to make his stand."

"An' where may that be, Colonel?" boldly ventured Jason.

"On King's Mountain," was the reply.

"It's a good place to fight, as I have said to the boy. I know every foot of the diggings."

Colonel Shelby was silent for a moment, in which he turned the message over to Captain McDowell.

"It's naturally a strong place," said that officer. "We can come in on Colonel Ferguson's flanks, and, then, it is not a good place to use cavalry. In fact, Colonel Shelby, I wish no better place to face this redcoated colonel."

Having completed his business with Shelby, Ethan turned away and began to inspect the band in whose company his future adventures during the present campaign were to be had. "By the way," said a young borderer whom Ethan accosted, "we made a funny capture last night."

"What was that?"

"We ran across a boy hiding in a deserted cabin down the range. He seemed to be keeping house all by himself, and when we came across him he was sleeping on a lot of leaves like a wild animal, and begged like a good fellow for his life, as tho we would hang him."

"A Tory youth, no doubt."

"You would think so from the little medal of King George which he carries about his neck. He calls himself Tommy Lutz."

Ethan started at the name, and recalled his own adventures with the redoubtable Tommy at the cabin of the secret meeting

"I should like to see the prisoner," Ethan said. "I know him quite well."

The young mountaineer then guided Ethan away, and David Meccam's little servant was found tied to a tree, but in a manner not to give him pain.

"You see, Master Byrd, we didn't like to give him too much tether," explained Ethan's guide. "We feared he might escape and inform the enemy of our movements."

"But Tommy has already taken the oath. I administered it myself."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, and I don't think Tommy intends to violate it, for he is a coward at heart and fears punishment."

Master Lutz seemed half asleep; as Ethan and his companion came up he blinked like an owl at noonday, but the moment he recognized Ethan he uttered a cry.

"Oh, 't is you, Master Byrd?" he said. "I've kept every word of my oath, indeed I have. I haven't lifted my hands for the King, but here I am with these Rebels, and they look quite dangerous to me."

"They are dangerous, Tommy," replied Ethan, with a sly glance at his friend, the borderer. "In the first place, they don't like Tories, and if they thought you were still for King George they might give you no end of trouble."

"But I haven't done a thing, Ethan," pleaded Tommy. "What are all these men going to do?"

"Time will tell, Tommy."

"Are they really going to fight the King's men?"

"It looks that way, Tommy; surely they are not on a picnicking excursion."

"I've observed that each man has a horse."

"Yes," smiled Ethan. "But what have you been doing, Tommy, since we last met?"

"I've been keeping away from Master David, for one thing, and then remembering what I promised, I have been avoiding the redcoats. I was having a good snooze when I was captured."

"Yes," smiled the borderer. "We had to prod him pretty well before he got his eyes open."

"You haven't seen Mistress Meccam since you left the house on the hill?" questioned Ethan.

"No," said Tommy. "What has happened to Miss Naomi?"

"She is no longer at home," answered Ethan. "In fact, Tommy, she has renounced King George, and her father has turned her out of the house."

The fat hands of the big, lumbering youth closed madly.

"I'd like to settle with the old master for that act," he exclaimed. "I always knew that Naomi had a mind of her own, but I never thought she would turn Rebel."

"Well, Rebel she is," and Ethan laughed lightly. "Just now she is Helen's guest——"

"And Miss Helen will see that she doesn't wander back to the old nest, eh?"

"I presume you are right, Tommy."

"I say, Ethan, I've been rolling certain things over and over in my mind."

"What sort of things?"

"About the war," Tommy responded. "I half believe your people are right."

Ethan laid his hand playfully on Tommy's shoulder.

"Oh, you'll come around all right," he said. "But what were you doing in the woods?"

"Where could I go?" cried the young Tory. "I dared not go back to Master Meccam after repeating the words you made me say. I've half a mind to ask for a rifle and join the hunt for the redcoats."

"I'll see that you get one, Tommy," promised Ethan. "When you have fully made up your mind, let me know."

"But what if the redcoats should catch me with arms in my hands?", hesitated Tommy.

"You must be careful that you are not caught," was the reply.

Tommy fumbled beneath his garment and produced the copper medal adorned with the features of King George

"The master gave me this, and he said it was a present from Earl Cornwallis," Tommy went on, extending the medal to the young mountaineer. "Really, Ethan, I don't like the King's looks."

Master Byrd could scarcely repress the laugh that bubbled to his lips, but he took the medal and put it in his pocket.

"Now that I've surrendered the King's medal, you'll take me at my word, won't you, Ethan?"

"I can't fully believe you a Rebel, Tommy, till you've shown your hand in battle.

"I'll do even that, Master Ethan, if you but give me a chance. I don't like to be tied to a tree like a runaway calf."

Acting upon his own responsibility, Ethan cut the youth's bonds, and Master Lutz was at liberty. He appeared very grateful.

"Don't you think you are taking a great risk?" asked the borderer.

"I'll become Tommy's bondsman," was the answer. "I've known him from a little fellow, and he has only imbibed the sentiments of his master."

Then Ethan turned to the late prisoner

"Go not near the cabin down yonder," he said. "It is full of Tories just now, and if they see you word may be sent to Master Meccam and you will be exposed."

"I'll keep from that place, Ethan," promised Tommy. "The last thing I want is to fall back into the hands of Davy Meccam."

The day as it wore on brought more mountain men to the rendezvous, and all were cordially received by Shelby and the other leaders. Ethan was enjoying his first real camp meal when Allen came running up with his face full of excitement.

"Come with me, Ethan!" he cried. "Tommy is in trouble."

Master Byrd sprang to his feet, and, snatching up his rifle, followed Allen, who bounded away like a deer

Sure enough, the Tory youth had fallen into danger. Ethan found him backed against a tree with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up to his elbows. He was surrounded by a group of young mountaineers whose words were exciting him more and more.

At sight of his Whig friend, Tommy uttered a cry of joy and held out his hands

"What is the matter?" demanded Ethan, as he came up at Allen's heels.

"Oh, this young woods rat isn't thoroly converted to our cause, and he needs a little disciplining," answered one of the borderers

"I can't change my views all at once," whined Tommy. "I'm coming over slowly, but if these fellows will give me time I'll be all right."

Just then a young mountaineer came in sight bearing a handful of slender green switches. Ethan's face crimsoned the moment his eyes alighted upon them.

"That's what they made me take my coat off for," Tommy said, a chill of terror sweeping thru his blood "I've never been whipped in all my life, Ethan——"

"And you shall not be whipped now, Tommy," broke in Master Byrd.

"Ha! What young gentleman is this?" shouted the youth with the switches, as he contemptuously surveyed Ethan from head to foot. "I've got switches enough for two."

"Very well," and Ethan immediately threw off his hunting jacket and stepped before Master Lutz. "You will have two to take care of if you desire to carry out your intentions. This youth is under my care."

"That's what he told us, supposing your name is Ethan Byrd," was the retort

"I am Ethan Byrd," was the quick reply "The first man of you who raises a hand against Master Lutz raises it against me."

"But the young fellow there is for King George."

"We'll test that later on. There's the making of a good Rebel in Master Tommy."

"But a little trouncing will beat rebellion into him," was the growling response

For a moment silence followed the last words, and then the youth with the switches, fixing his gaze upon Tommy, advanced with the whips above his head.

The following moment Ethan launched himself forward, and his clinched hand delivered a blow which sent the would-be whipper sprawling to the ground. Tommy tried to throw himself upon his enemy, but Ethan held him back.

"I'm able to fight our battles, Tommy," he said to the excited boy. "A whip is always handled by a coward."

The overturned mountaineer scrambled to his feet and began to gather up the scattered switches, all the time growling out threatenings against his punisher

Ethan stood his ground and waited for a renewal of the assault. But the young borderer had already had enough, for with the rest of his friends he slunk away, leaving Ethan and Tommy masters of the situation.

"That settles it, Ethan!" cried Master Lutz, seizing his defender's hand. "I'm all Rebel now!"

"I'm glad to hear that, Tommy. You'll have a chance before long to prove this to the satisfaction of your detractors."

Tommy put on his jacket, and with Ethan and Allen went back to the center of the camp.

"When are we going to move, Jason?" Ethan asked, when he came up with the old scout, to whom he related the little incident just narrated.

"Not before tomorrow, the Colonel says. We are waiting for the Holston men. There's a chance for a little brush tonight not very far from camp."

Ethan's eyes glowed at the prospect of meeting some of the royalists.

"You know," continued Jason, "that Red Fox is never at rest?"

"Yes, Jason."

"The boy has been off on a little scout on his own hook. An' he found a message in a hollow tree."

"Who put it there?"

"I can't say, Ethan, but it was placed there for a purpose. There is to be a meeting of Tories a few miles away. The writing is signed: 'Double T,' an' no doubt was to be found by the right party. Red Fox saw it placed in the tree by a black man——"

"'Double T' means Thaddeus Double," interjected Ethan, "and he left the lower country two years ago to escape the indignant Whigs. I had quite lost sight of him."

"He is a Tory, then?"

"A man of no principles," flashed Ethan. "But where do the Loyalists meet?".

"At the River Inn. There's new mischief afoot, an' if we could surprise the whole party we will have done the cause a service.

"I want to form the acquaintance of Master Double T," said Jason, with a grim smile. "Pass the word among the boys of the league, an' we'll flush the game ourselves. An', by the way, if Master Lutz wants to show his colors, fetch him along."

Ethan agreed to the proposal with alacrity, and turned away to prepare for an adventure such as he had never had before.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TUSSLE AT THE INN.

THE old structure known as the River Inn had withstood the storms of many years. It was one of the few stopping-places for travelers in the mountains, but the fierce partisan warfare that had been carried on around it had destroyed its usefulness, and at the time of our narrative it had no landlord. Not only this, but it was said to be haunted, and consequently was shunned by the simple country folk. This rendered it an ideal place for the rendezvous of Tories, and moreover promised them a safe retreat in which to carry on their plots against the Whigs.

It stood near a river some miles from the camp of the mountain men, in a secluded locality, where the Rebels were not likely to molest those who invaded it for secret purposes.

It was in high glee that the little party, after quitting the encampment, faced toward the River Inn. Jason rode at its head, with his rifle resting on the pommel of his saddle, and Ethan was within speaking distance behind him. Tommy Lutz was one of the number, and it was noticed by the liberty boys that he seemed eager to show the mettle within him.

It was a brilliant night. The sky was glittering with stars like an overarching diamond field, and in a short time the moon would lift its silver disc above the neighboring hills and afford additional light.

If the boys could have bridged the space that lay between them and the old tavern they would have witnessed a sight that might have chilled their enthusiasm.

A number of horses were grouped around the place, and in the large front room sixteen formidable-looking men were congregated.

They were well armed, as the long rifles placed in a row against the wall attested, and in the belt of each man was at least one heavy pistol, which had already done service for the King. Several long candles set in greasy sockets in different places in the room diffused a ghastly light thru the place and re-

Stop Tobacco

EASY-TO-QUIT is a harmless, effective treatment for Cigarette, tobacco and snuff habits. Can be given without patients knowledge in coffee, tea or other drink. Odorless, tasteless, purely vegetable. Send name and address for trial treatment in plain wrapper **FREE!** Treatment inexpensive. Send no money. Write to NOW! THE ROGERS DRUG & CHEMICAL CO., 66 Lincoln Inn Court, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

vealed the forbidding faces of the Loyalists.

One of their number, known as Double T, a large, rough-featured man, occupied an old splint-bottomed chair, and seemed to be master of ceremonies. The Whig families had cause to fear this person, for he had shown them no mercy, having trailed them as tho they were wolves and not human beings. There was no act too mean for him to perform and when Colonel Tarleton, the master of the King's Dragoons in the Carolinas, had some particular raid on his mind he generally sent for him.

"Men," said Double T, as he surveyed his companions, "we have met tonight for the purpose of making these Rebels feel our hand. They have had the audacity to gather for the pursuit of Colonel Ferguson and even now a short distance from us are in camp. The district is wholly deserted, and we can strike a blow at their homes that will make them understand that the King's cause does not languish in these parts."

This rough speech was heartily applauded, and Double T proceeded:

"I am glad that you discovered that we were to meet tonight, for the message which I deposited in the hollow oak has been carried off by some depredating animal. [The speaker did not imagine that Red Fox was the culprit.] We will swoop down upon the little settlement a few miles down the river and leave a trail of fire behind."

"After which, I presume, we shall join Colonel Ferguson?" ventured one of the Tory group.

Double T nodded.

"I have sent Ferguson such word already," he replied. "We will show the Rebels that we can fight them openly, and when we have conquered the rebellious Colonies we will be amply rewarded for our services."

Before another word could be spoken the door was unceremoniously burst open, and a bareheaded boy dashed into the room. His face was ashen and his eyes seemed on the eve of quitting his head.

"The Whigs! The Whigs!" he exclaimed, amid the breathless silence by which he was greeted by the Tories.

In an instant the loaded weapons had been snatched from the wall, and every man stood on the alert.

"Who are you, boy?" asked Double T.

"I am Luther Mix," was the answer. "I live down stream. The Whigs are nearly here."

"How many?"

"I did not stop to count them," the boy explained. "They are mounted and are headed this way."

"This is better luck than I expected," said the leader of the Tories. "We will teach these Rebels a lesson in strategy, and then carry out our original purpose."

The following moment the horses were untethered and removed to a secluded spot out of sight, while the Tory band put out the lights in the old inn and prepared to inflict a surprise upon Ethan and his companions.

Merrily but in strict silence the boys were filing thru the hills. When they came near the River Inn they advanced with subdued caution and looked eagerly forward.

"Seems to me the birds have flown," whispered Ethan to the old scout.

"I am not so sure o' that, lad," was the response. "These fellows are tricky and, as you know, it is hard to catch a Tory nappin'."

The old tavern was now rather plainly visible, and as the little band rode forward the keen optics of Red Fox, the young Otari, noticed the marks of hoofs on the ground. He imparted his discovery to his friends.

"Looks like they have put off," admitted old Jason. "But nevertheless it will do no harm to investigate."

When the Whigs had posted themselves about the inn, the scout sprang upon the porch and struck the door with his bare knuckles. An echo was all that greeted him.

"I guess you're right, Ethan," he said, much put out. "We've come too late to trap the buzzards."

"It is too bad, Jason," answered the boy partisan, "but they may have left some trail inside."

Be An ARTIST

Earn $25 to $100 a week as Cartoonist—Illustrator—Commercial Artist. Learn Quickly at home by new instruction method. Easy terms. Outfit FREE to new students. Write today for handsome Booklet, free, and Special Offer Now.

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
1196 H St., N. W. Washington, D. C.

Driver Agents Wanted

Drive and demonstrate the Bush Car. Pay for it out of your commissions on sales. My agents are making money. Shipments are prompt, Bush Cars guaranteed or money back. Write at once for my 48-page catalog and all particulars. Address J. H. Bush, Pres., Dept. 705

Five-Pass., 34.7 H.P.
32x3½ tires
114-in Wheelbase
Delco Ignition—Elect. Stg. & Ltg.

BUSH MOTOR COMPANY, Bush Temple, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

"We'll see," laughed Jason, as he opened the door. "It's as dark as starless midnight in here. I'll tinder up a light an' see what we can find."

A little spark quickly illumined the gloom, and nearly all the boys dismounted and pushed across the porch.

"They've been here," ejaculated Jason, casting a look about the place. "If we had only come a little sooner——"

He was interrupted by the cracks of several rifles, and as many bullets whistled thru the air. The alert old borderer extinguished the candle his tow had lighted, and there was scrambling across the porch by the rest of the boy brigade, and soon all were inside.

"Quick, the door!" cried Ethan. "Double T is upon us!"

The door had been quickly closed, and amid dense darkness the little band of liberty's heroes clutched their weapons and threw themselves on the defensive. They had been compelled to abandon their horses for fear of drawing the fire of the Tories, and now, grouped in the River Inn, they were in a dangerous state of siege.

A few moments of silence followed the rifle shots, and then the raucous voice of Double T rang out on the still air. "You're well trapped, my hearties!" he shouted. "Did you really expect to catch the King's foxes asleep?"

There was no reply to this taunt and, owing to the darkness, the astonished patriots were unable to look into one another's faces.

"We've got your horses, and the old shack is completely surrounded," continued the unseen spokesman. "The only thing you can do is to surrender with your best grace to the King's men."

"We will not surrender!" answered Jason, in strident tones. "If you want us you will have to take us, Captain Double T."

"And take you we shall, dead or alive!"

Looking from the inn, the besieged could see no one. The Tories, fearing to expose themselves, kept out of sight, and it was well for them that they did, for Ethan and his friends were seeking targets with gleaming eyes.

The patriots knew that their enemies would not attempt to rush the inn, for such action would show them to the waiting weapons, and the King would lose some of his servants.

"We're burnt out rats before!" shouted Double T. "We'll show you a real Tory trick in a few minutes."

This threat turned out to be terribly true, for suddenly a fiery object sped thru the air and alighted on the dry roof of the River Inn. It was a burning arrow, and fixing itself between two clapboards, it sputtered fiercely till the roof ignited. A second arrow soon fell beside the first and joined it in its mad work. At almost the same time a volley was fired into the tavern, and the bullets, cutting thru the doors, told those inside that the enemy intended to grant no quarter.

Suddenly the hand of Red Fox fell upon Ethan's arm.

"Red Fox has found the stairway," said the Indian. "He will put out the fire."

"No!" remonstrated Ethan. "You will be shot down like a dog the moment you are seen."

But the courageous Indian youth tore himself away, and in the darkness opened the door which led the way to the low-ceilinged rooms overhead.

He darted up the creaking steps, found a trapdoor and swung himself out upon the roof. The moment the Tories espied him he was greeted with half a dozen rifle shots, but the bullets flew wide and with set teeth the Otari wrenched the blazing arrows from their places and flung them to the ground.

"Fire no burn house now!" cried Red Fox, as he dropped back among his companions.

"But they have more arrows," said Ethan.

"For the last time, will you surrender?" rang out the harsh voice of Double T.

"We have answered you once for all," replied Jason. "Long life to Washington and freedom for the Colonies!"

A strange, dead stillness followed the old scout's defiance.

"They'll try some new trick," said Ethan, in low tones.

The anxiety of the besieged was soon set at rest. The old door of the inn had been barricaded as well as possible. and it was now to have its share of trouble. All at once heavy footsteps rattled on the porch and half a dozen maddened Tories flung themselves against the portal. The door shivered under the assault; it gave way with a crash and fell into the room.

Several spurts of flame flashed into the faces of the besiegers; there were cries and groans, and the Tories fell back.

"There are no enemies in our rear now," said Allen's voice at Ethan's side.

"To the rear, then!" cried the young leader of the liberty boys.

All the Whigs had heard, and there was a rush toward the door which led to the weedy garden back of the house. The coast seemed clear.

"If we could find our horses, it might be a runnin' fight," ejaculated Jason Moore.

Tommy Lutz ran toward a dark object which his alert eyes had singled out, and a cry informed the others that he had found their steeds, which the Tories had left in charge of one of their number.

Already Tommy, who seemed to possess the strength of a young giant, was engaged in a tussle with the Tory, for he had pounced upon him without stopping to count the cost, and had borne him to the ground. The boy laughed as Ethan came up.

"He can't get out of Tommy's clutches, Master Byrd," he exclaimed. "Tommy has held a wolf before now, and this sneaking wolf won't get away."

It did not take the little band long to seize their horses and vault upon their backs. In a moment their trick had been discovered, and the resonant tones of Double T cut the air like a broadsword. The boys turned and flashed their fire into the faces of the desperate foe, and then were off like the wind.

As old Jason had predicted, it was from the beginning a running fight. Exasperated by his failure to capture the little band in the inn, Double T had by no means given up the fray.

There was a clattering of swift hoofs behind the Whigs, the strong horses of the King's men came on with a vengeance, and away under the shimmering stars went pursuers and pursued, down the narrow road on an exciting race for life.

"To the woods!" cried Jason. "Every one for himself. Gather at the mountain camp for the hunt for Ferguson."

The boys obeyed. Ethan and Allen kept together for a while and then separated.

Master Byrd bent over the neck of Dick and thundered on. The locality was almost totally unknown to him, but he cared little for this. Suddenly he heard the unmistakable sound of hoofs. He raised his head and listened.

The clear intonation of the hoofbeats told him that his pursuer was a Tory and, resolved to pay Double T in part for the surprise at the River Inn, he guided his horse to one side of the trail and waited.

Fixing himself firmly on Dick's back, he held his breath and clutched his rifle by its slender barrel. A moving object loomed between him and the stars. As it came alongside, Ethan struck with the clubbed weapon, and the stock descended heavily upon the man's head. There was a half-suppressed cry, and the Tory toppled to the ground. His horse stopped instantly and extended his heated nostrils toward the quiet Dick.

Ethan could hear no sounds of further pursuit. He dismounted and looked down into the face of the unconscious foe.

"It is Double T himself!" the young partisan cried, and then he heard another horse.

Ethan placed himself in an attitude of defense, and to his surprise looked up into the eyes of Tommy Lutz.

"You've finished one wolf, eh, Master Byrd?" said Tommy, as he drew rein.

"Not finished, Tommy. It is Double T, and he's worth a dozen dead Tories to Colonel Shelby."

By dint of youthful strength, Ethan and Tommy placed the Tory leader across the back of his own horse, and the flight was resumed.

"It wasn't such a defeat. after all, Tommy," said Ethan, looking at their prisoner.

"The head wolf is nearly as good as the whole pack," was the reply. "But what are you going to do with him, Ethan?"

"We will take him to the mountain camp."

Tommy did not approve of this arrangement; he would have finished the night rider on the spot, but Ethan resolutely shook his head.

"I trust the others will escape the teeth of the Tory wolves," he said. "It was a neat trick by Double T, anyway."

When they reached more familiar ground they went at greater speed, and at last ran into the pickets of the mountain army. By this time the captured Tory had regained his senses and was glaring in silence at his captors.

"You'll pay for this, my young eagles!" he exclaimed, in no good humor. "If you dare to deliver me to your Rebel leader we'll sweep the mountains with fire and sword."

"Which is nothing less than you've been doing ever since the partisan war started," retorted Ethan with a stern glance.

Five minutes later Ethan turned his prisoner over to Colonel Shelby and had received his thanks.

"I fancy there'll be one mountain buzzard less before we go to the baiting," said a voice in Ethan's ear, as he turned away.

The speaker was old Jason, and Ethan later on had the pleasure of knowing that not a single one of the little band had fallen into the hands of the Tory force.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. It costs you only $1.00 and you will not regret it.

⁂

Prohibitory Laws.

"Who was it said that he'd rather make the songs than the laws of his country?"

"Dunno; but I'd rather make the laws for the people who make the songs we hear nowadays."

One on the G. D.

"H'm," said Sheerluck Bones, the great detective. "And you say you miss only women's shoes, and only women's shoes of the extraordinarily small size of ½ AAA?"

"Precisely," replied Egbald Wiff of the firm of Wiff & Waff. And he repeated, "Precisely," for he was a precise speaker.

"Then," said the great detective, quickly, "the thief must be a thiefess and the thiefess must have an unusually small foot."

"Marvelous—er—precisely," said Egbald Wiff.

"I have a plan," announced the great detective after he had leaned his forehead in thought against section G, size 9, children's shoes. And that afternoon each newspaper carried the following advertisement: "Wanted—Female to play Cinderella; must wear a ½ AAA shoe. Apply northwest corner Baker street."

The great detective was still cooking his evening repast of mystery beans over the gas jet when there came a knock at his door. He flung it open and saw that his visitor was young and fair.

"Is Cinderella still empty?" she inquired.

The great detective bade her be seated and deftly removed her right shoe. Ha! It was a No. ½ AAA. Ha! Ha! It was a Wiff & Waff shoe!

"You are under arrest," said the great detective. "This shoe was stolen from Wiff & Waff's."

"You housebug!" cried the applicant, in the slang of the day. "I bought these shoes this morning, and here is the receipt."

"I never thought of that," said the great detective, and his crest fell crestfallenly as his visitor departed without even bothering to put her shoe on again.

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.

We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely Free, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

and besides that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely Free, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. Write Now. Everything sent Free and postage prepaid.

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 1027, CHICAGO

Quality and Fit Guaranteed

Gallstones Avoid operating. Internal remedy. (No Oil). Symptoms are Aches or Pains in Stomach, Back, Side or Shoulders, Colic, Gas, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headaches, Nervousness, Catarrh, Constipation, Yellow, Sallow Skin, Appendicitis, Stomach, Liver. Gall sufferers write for medical Book FREE
Gallstone Remedy Co., Dept. H-65, 219 South Dearborn Street, Chicago

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 4 free books; inventions wanted, etc. I help you market your invention without charge. RICHARD B. OWEN, 22 OWEN BLDG., WASHINGTON, D. C.

PILES PAY IF CURED We pay postage and send FREE Red Cross Pile and Fistula cure REA CO., Dept. 75, Minneapolis, Minn.

FARM WANTED Want to hear from owner of good farm for sale. Any territory. Give description and cash price. Write JOHN H. OAKS, Dept. 419, Oshkosh, Wis.

ASTHMA & HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express to you on Free Trial. If it cures send $1; if not, don't. Give express office. Write today. Address W. K. STERLINE, 836 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

OVER 50 small magazines, papers, circulars, samples, etc., 10c, postpaid. Clayton Agency, a433 Delmar, San Antonio, Texas

How Boys MAKE MONEY

Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger, The Farming Business and Uncle Sam, and Lone Scout.

EACH WEEK

We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, on Friday. Only one report for you to make out each week. We show you how to make money by building up a regular route of customers that you deliver the papers to each week. You make a cash profit on every paper you sell so that in addition to the valuable premiums we also give you, you will make

$1.00 to $5.00 per Week

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

13

Name ....

St., R. F. D., Box No. ....

Town .... State ....

THE FAIRY CORNER

JACK OF ATKIN'S ALLEY

"Iny way," remarked Jean Jeanot, kicking his heel thoughtfully against the curbing of Atkin's alley—"Iny way, it won't be stealin' if I don't see the ad. En' I jest won't look in the poipers!"

In the sunny land of France, which he had left as a wee baby, Jack had been christened Jean, but here in New York he was plain Jack the Newsy, who supplied his wares daily and nightly as well to the hurrying throng which swirled and rushed and fretted about the steps of the noisy elevated at 23d street.

The most sacred thing in life to Jack was the memory of that father who had brought him to America, and, dying penniless two years ago, had left him face to face with the battle for existence. Vivid in Jack's mind was the memory of his thin, distinguished face, his black, soft eyes and grayish hair. Hardly less distinct was the memory of the fascinating things he did with long tubes and squat dishes which resulted in a thing called an experiment, which would do wonderful things for the future good of the race. Jack had always been very proud of his doctor father, who lived in the slums, at the beck and call of the tenement dwellers. He had gloried in helping him get ready in the dead of night, when he had been summoned, like a knight of old, to sally forth and fight for human life. It had been a stunning blow which had deprived the good doctor of his life and Jack of the dearest thing on earth. Face to face with the problem of self-support, however, he found himself not one whit better off than Pat Casey, who sold papers, in point of education in English, and he had philosophically turned newsy. From his father he had learned pure French and unswerving honesty—and very little else.

On this, his birthday, the first real temptation to dishonesty that he had ever known, came into Jack's life.

Within his ragged jacket, hugged close to his heart, lay a wallet, which contained sixty dollars in crisp new bills. Jack had picked up the wallet at his stand at the foot of the elevated. He had not seen it dropped, and doubtless hundreds of people had walked over its flat surface before his alert eyes had spied it out.

And now Jack had made up his mind not to read the ads in the evening papers for fear that the owner would advertise for his property.

"Sixty bucks!" mused Jack in the jargon of New York. "Sixty bucks! That'll buy a doll for Maria, en' a turkey fer the Murphys, en' a crutch fer Jimmy, mebbe, en' toys en' a square meal fer the Flanigans—I'll quit thinkin' en' git 'em right off!"

He forced his sturdy way thru the thick shopping crowd. The weight of the wallet lay heavy upon his heart, and he wondered vaguely why it should be so when the money within meant food and drink and happiness to so many. Over and over again he told himself that he had not stolen the money, but not for a moment did he succeed in deceiving himself. Presently Jack came to the window of a toy shop. It was brilliantly lighted, and the window was crowded with red and yellow and green toys. A dancing bear on a stick, worked mechanically, attracted him hugely, and he slapped his knee in delight at its awkward movements. A doll with wide blue eyes and rosebud lips made his heart jump suddenly as he thought of Maria's joy at its possession—little Italian Maria, who mothered a bundle of rags with such ecstasies of love. At one side were puzzles which Jack knew would delight lame Jimmy, who could not move about much because of his hip disease. Lost as many another older and wiser has been in a dream of the power of gold, Jack stood, until behind him a shout rose insistently:

"Git a poiper! Git a poiper! Extry! Extry! Jest out!"

Jack shivered and tried to get on with his plotting, but somehow the thoughts would not come.

Somehow, the memory of his father rose very strongly at that moment—his father who had taught him pure French and unswerving honesty—and the toys in the shop window, seen thru a mist of tears, lost the glamour and enchantment which they had possessed a few moments before. Even the vision of a turkeyless Flanigan dinner was less appalling than the idea of carrying with one the horrid weight of a conscience which would give one no rest by night or day.

Jack wheeled on his heel, dived a swift hand into his pocket and hailed the newsy.

"Gimme a poiper!" he called, and in his voice was no trace of emotion, altho he trembled violently as he opened the sheet and turned to the lost and found column.

His cherished hope died a terrific death when he had got down to the third insert and read:

LOST—At 10 A. M., AT FOOT OF ELEvated station at 23d-st., a black leather wallet containing sixty dollars ($60) in bank notes. Return to
JACQUES FOULARD.

Then followed the address—that of a fashionable hotel. Every spark of life gone from his face, Jack turned and made his way back to the elevated, climbed the stairway and entered the train. A never ending, miserable ride of ten minutes followed.

A very little boy, he stood before the high mahogany hotel desk and asked for Jacques Foulard, in a voice which he strove manfully to make steady. A moment later he was going up, up in a resplendent elevator, and then he was ushered into a room where a low fire burned in the open grate.

"Master Jack Jeanot," announced the manservant, as he ushered the child into the room, and Jack, looking up into his face, saw that he was smiling hugely, and knew that it was because he, the visitor, was such a little boy and wore such tattered clothes.

Out in the big world of New York, Jack, the newsy, often felt very old and grown up, indeed, even cunning and shrewd, but here in the carpeted silence and rich dimness he suddenly felt very young and small, and so he must have looked, for the man with the cynical, well-bred face sitting beside the fire smiled upon him cordially.

"How do you do?" he nodded to Jack very politely. "Sit down, won't you? That's right. Now, sir, what can I do for you?" His hand had already gone into his pocket. Jack straightened proudly and drew the wallet from his shabby jacket.

"This belongs to you, sir," he said, and thrust it hastily into the hand of Mr. Jacques Foulard.

"You—well, well, I declare! My dear fellow!" Jacques Foulard gasped incoherently, and looked at the slender elf of the streets, the firelight shining on his rags and fine features. Sixty dollars meant a lot to him! Even Foulard, who had never known the lack of money, realized that.

"I saw your ad. You're welcome," said Jack, shortly, jerkily, as he marched toward the door.

"But you must let me give you something—any amount you may name——"

"No, thanks," said Jack, slowly. "I couldn't do that, thank you."

"But you'll shake hands?" asked Jacques Foulard, curiosity writ large upon his face.

Jack nodded and held out his brown little paw.

"Please don't run away," said Jacques Foulard. "I'm lonesome, as the selfish deserve to be. Won't you sit here beside the fire and talk to me, Jack Jeanot?"

"Sure," answered Jack, heartily, and settled back into the depths of a big leather chair with a great sigh. In truth he was weary and disposed to rest.

When a servant had brought sandwiches and hot cocoa and Jack had eaten he felt better. Jacques Foulard, seeing his gentle manner, grew still more curious concerning him. This was no common gamin of the streets, he decided.

"You're a countryman of mine, from your name," said Jacques Foulard, at length. There was a wistful note in voice and face that the little fellow in the chair was not slow to note.

"Do you speak French?" Jack asked, suddenly eager and leaning forward in the firelight.

"Why, certainly, but——" He paused, amazed, for Jack was gabbling happily away in good French—the tongue of his father—who had taught him so well honesty and the language.

Perhaps it was because it was Jean's birthday and he was lonely, too. But presently the childish, curly, black head and the aristocratic iron-gray head were very close together and they sat so, that they could stretch out hands and touch each other's coats and slap each other's knees when the fun grew hilarious.

It was not all hilarity, however. Jacques Foulard asked clever, sympathetic questions, and by and by he had found out all about Jack's father, the clever doctor, who had so loved good French and honesty.

"Blood tells," said Jacques, the aristocrat, half aloud to the fine-featured, ragged little lad, but Jack scarcely heard him, he was too busy absorbing the wealth of heat from the open fire and rejoicing in the sensation of being well fed.

"It must be nice," said Jean, at last, for Jean was what Jacques Foulard called him. "It must be nice to be in your own house, among your own things and with your own people fer your birthday." He sighed hugely and sprang to his feet, but Jacques Foulard pushed him back into the chair and came and stood before him. Having had a full confession of Jack's temptation, he felt privileged to ask questions.

"Tell me," he said, "what made you want those sixty dollars?"

Jack, looking squarely into his face, told him all the pitiful history of Atkin's alley; of lame Jimmy and Maria, who wanted a doll so badly it hurt, and how these folk of the tenements had come to look upon him as able to provide for their needs in some mysterious way; perhaps because the doctor, his father, had always found means when things seemed most hopeless and black.

"It's been some time since I've been charitable," mused Jacques Foulard, a sheepish grin pulling up the corners of his mouth. "If I try it again I'll have to be prompted and helped. Think you can undertake to help, Jean?"

"Without a doubt," said Jean in his prim, gentlemanly French, and Jacques laughed loudly.

Presently there was scurrying and hurrying in all directions, and in a very little while indeed they were both ready for the street. The rest of that afternoon passed like an enchanted dream to Jean Jeanot. He followed Jacques Foulard breathlessly from one huge shop to another, while that gentleman ordered right and left, fast and furiously, at awed suggestions from the lad. Maria's doll was equipped with a trousseau and given a nursemaid to boot. Lame Jimmy had enough books and puzzles and mechanical toys bought for him to keep a dozen ordinary boys supplied for a lifetime. And the Flanigans, all twelve of 'em, Jean was morally certain, could never get away with the food Jacques Foulard ordered, in less than a week, eating night and day. Finally Jack said good-by and ran off home. Jacques Foulard made no demur, and he had bought him no birthday gift.

"I'll try him out thoroly. God bless him," he said as he watched the sturdy youngster round a corner. "Maybe a night's rest will make me think different, but I hope it won't."

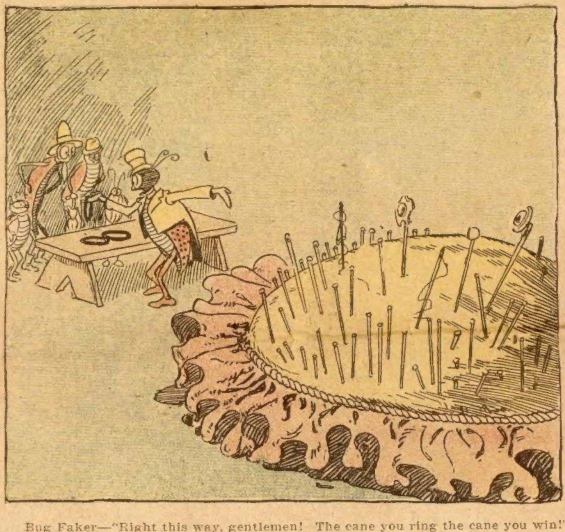
The man sat again before the open fire when he had returned to his rooms, and planned the future of Jean Jeanot, newsy, gentleman, correct speaker of French and lover of honesty. The plans included a course at a foreign university, but Jean, sleeping in his raggedy third-story back room under thin blankets, did not know, and, consequently, was not troubled. His dreams, anyway, were too full of the future bliss of the tenement dwellers to permit one thought of self to intrude.

His appointment with Jacques Foulard to eat his belated birthday dinner was for 1 o'clock, but it was nearly half-past when he tumbled into the room, ablaze with happiness and overflowing with accounts of the joys that had come to Maria and the Flanigans and lame Jimmy and half a dozen other beneficiaries of Jacques Foulard's bounty. No thought of himself, of his own poorly clad little body, of his own pleasure-starved life, obtruded itself, and Jacques Foulard, clubman and bachelor, burdened with money, and heretofore weighted down with self-seeking, marveled, looking at him.

He held out both hands impulsively, and Jack put his grubby brown fists in them confidingly.

"I am very happy to know," said Jacques Foulard slowly in French, "that the Flanigans are enjoying themselves. I am glad for Maria and for lame Jimmy, but if you will come and live with me, Jean Jeanot, I will be happier than all of them bundled together! Will you?"

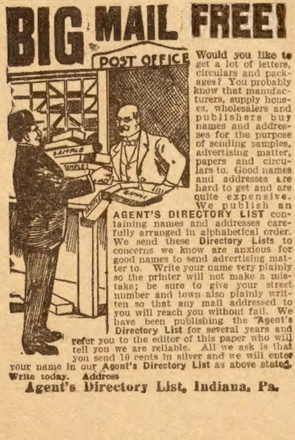
And thus the career of Jack Jeanot, one-time newsy, yielded place to the flowering out of Jean Jeanot, gentleman, speaker of pure French, always lover of honesty!



Bug Faker—"Right this way, gentlemen! The cane you ring the cane you win!"

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS Free Sample, New Household Specialty and New Credit Plan. Big Profits. Quick Seller. Steady Repeat Business. Write BISHOP CO., Dept. A, 116 N. 2nd Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.



BIG MAIL FREE!

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address

Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

Guaranteed Rupture Holder On 60 Days Trial

Won't Cost You A Cent If The Two Months Test Doesn't Prove All Our Claims

You can make a thorough 60 day test of this guaranteed rupture holder without having to risk a single cent. We'll make one especially for your case and let you see for yourself how it takes all the misery out of being ruptured.

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days' trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drugstores should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 25—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

Ledger Embroidery

We call the attention of every woman to the beauty of the patterns displayed from week to week, and wish to impress upon each one the splendid quality of material that makes our offer a great bargain in every case. Every offer is complete. You can finish it up without buying anything extra. These designs are stamped on the best quality cloth, and every set comes to you complete, exactly as described. You are sure to find many articles that you want if you watch the Ledger each week, and it is so easy to get them. Any person can get one or all of the designs shown by sending us the amount of subscriptions to either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade, required in the description under each article.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Either the Chicago Ledger or Saturday Blade $1.00 a year each; 6 months for 50 cents. The Blade and Ledger together $1.50 a year (52 issues); 6 months for 75 cents; 4 months 50 cents.

........................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND WITH ORDER........................

CHICAGO LEDGER, 500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.
Embroidery Department:—

Inclosed please find $..............for..................................subscription to
(Name Time)
the..Please send me free of all cost the
(Ledger or Blade or Both)
embroidery outfit No. ....

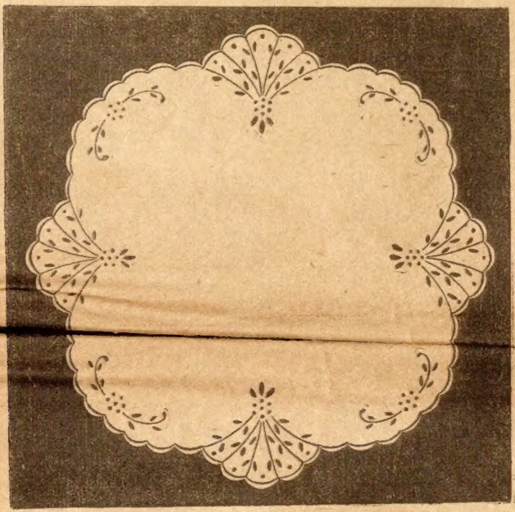
NAME ....

P. O. ....

Street No. or R. F. D. ....

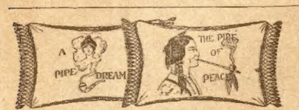
Town.. State..................

This is a.......................................Subscription.
(New or Renewal)



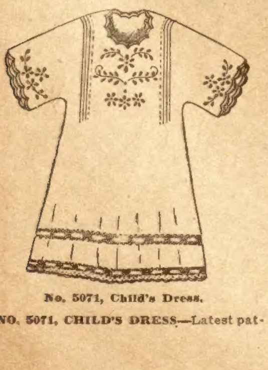
Na. 5083, Centerpiece.

NO. 5083, CENTERPIECE—This simple design is stamped on white linene, size 32x32 inches. We include with each six skeins of white embroidery floss for working. Will be sent for $1.50 in subscriptions to the Blade and the Ledger.



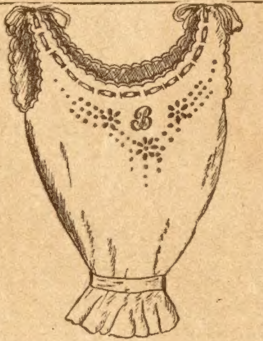
Nos. 5061 and 5062, Smoker Pillow Tops.

NOS. 5061 AND 5062, SMOKER PILLOW TOPS.—If you intend to give a sofa pillow top to your brother or to a friend to help make his room cozy, give him one of these smoker pillow tops, which are tinted in elaborate colors on 17x21-inch tan ticking. You may have your choice of either of these pillow tops, including a back and four skeins of colored floss for working, if you will send us $1.00 for one year's subscription to the Blade or the Ledger. Order by number.



No. 5071, Child's Dress.

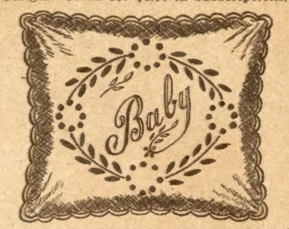
NO. 5071, CHILD'S DRESS.—Latest pattern, the design is stamped on 1½ yards of white lawn or nainsook. We include three skeins of cotton floss for embroidering design. Sent for $1.50 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 4048, Corset Cover.

NO. 4048, CORSET COVER—This modish corset cover is stamped on a fine quality of white nainsook, and we include three skeins of cotton floss for working the design. This will be sent for a year's subscription, new or renewal, $1.00, to the Blade or the Ledger.

NO. 1713, BABY PILLOW—The design is stamped on 16x18-inch white lawn, and enough material is included for back; also three skeins of floss for working design. Given for $1.00 in subscriptions, new or renewal, to the Blade and the Ledger.



No. 1713, Baby Pillow.

* * *

Poor but Honest.

It was a busy Saturday morning on market. The meat cutter counted out a few pieces of silver and four crisp dollar bills, in change to the little woman across the counter and turned hurriedly to another customer. It was a few minutes before the little lady could again attract the butcher's attention.

"You have given me too much change," she said. "I only gave you a dollar bill."

Now every one knows it isn't any particular credit to one that he is honest; it is merely a discredit to be dishonest. But somehow the meat cutter felt that the little woman had been particularly kind to him as she handed back the four dollar bills.

"What is your name and where do you live?" he asked.

"I am Regina Weinberger," said the little woman.

On further questioning the meat cutter found that her husband had been killed in battle for France and that she had come to America to make money to bring her five children across the water to a land where there was peace and plenty.

"Every penny goes into the little savings bank," said the mother.

The heart of the butcher must have said:

"Then take the four dollars. I am glad to help you if I may."

* * *

Off the Purchase Price.

"So Edith got a divorce from her husband, Lord De Broke. Any alimony?"

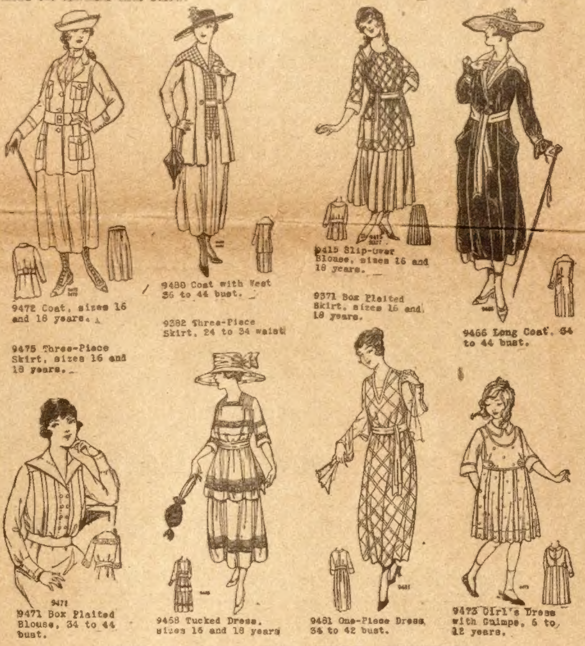
"No, rebate."

PATTERN COUPONS FREE!

Hundreds of Patterns to Select From

The great difficulty in making one's own garments is to get suitable patterns. Our women readers could make many pretty and useful things for themselves and their children if they could get well-made patterns. We have arranged to give our readers a pattern service unexcelled.

We have a splendid offer of the best and most fashionable patterns that can be produced by the greatest designers of New York and Paris, and what is more, these patterns will be within the reach of every one, and every one will have a wide selection to choose from. **Read our splendid offer below.**



9472 Coat, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9475 Three-Piece Skirt, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9480 Coat with Vest 36 to 44 bust.

9382 Three-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.

9415 Slip-over Blouse, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9371 Box Plaited Skirt, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9466 Long Coat, 34 to 44 bust.

9471 Box Plaited Blouse, 34 to 44 bust.

9458 Tucked Dress, sizes 16 and 18 years.

9481 One-Piece Dress, 34 to 42 bust.

9473 Girl's Dress with Guimpe, 6 to 12 years.

HOW TO GET THE FREE PATTERNS

Here is the way we will do it: To every one who will send us one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger we will send absolutely free three pattern coupons. Each coupon will be good for one pattern and you can select the patterns from those illustrated in any issue of the Chicago Ledger. When you see a pattern that you like all you have to do is to send us a coupon and it will be sent to you at once. In this way you will have hundreds of patterns from which to pick the three that you will be entitled to, and you have all the time you need to pick out the ones you want.

These patterns are the best that can be made. Each pattern gives full directions for the cutting and making, with information as to the amount of cloth required, etc., so that any one can make any of the designs illustrated with no trouble at all. At the same time, they are so stylish and accurately cut that dressmakers and seamstresses all over the country will be quick to take advantage of this liberal offer. Some will subscribe for two years so they can get six coupons. These designs are made by the best designers and modists of New York and Paris, and are up-to-the-minute in fashion and beauty.

We treat old and new customers alike on this splendid offer. If you are already a subscriber send in a dollar and we will send you the three pattern coupons and extend your subscription one year from the time it now expires.

To get these three coupons entitling you to three patterns, fill out the blank below and inclose it with one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. Do this now—today! No woman should be without the Ledger's Pattern Coupon Book. Be among the thousands of women who will get these coupons.

............................CUT THIS OUT AND SEND TO US............................

THE CHICAGO LEDGER, 500 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Inclosed please find one dollar for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger. This entitles me to three Pattern Coupons.

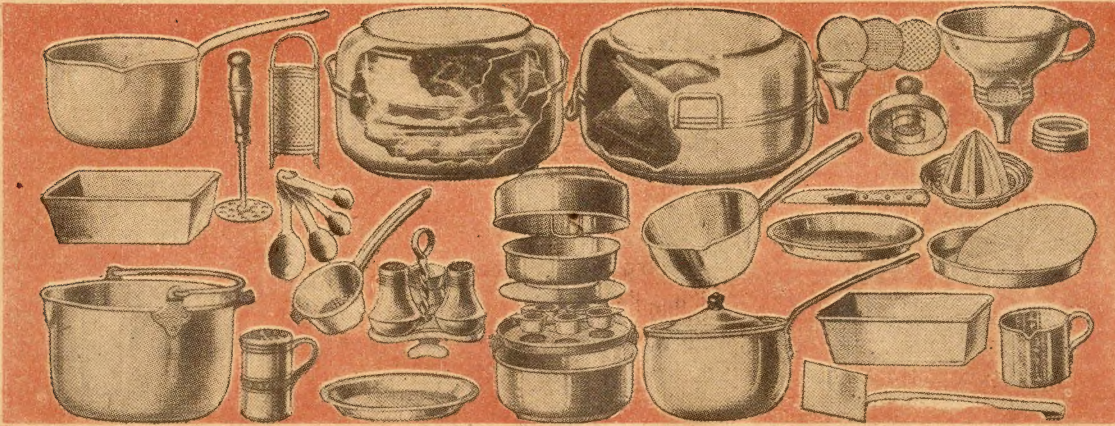
NAME. ....

If you wish any pattern from those advertised in this issue, mark the number and size on the margin and we will retain a coupon for each pattern we send you when we send you the Coupon Book. (Order by size and number.) **Coupons good for six months.**

Street No.
or R. F. D. ....

Box..............Town..

This is a....................Subscription. State....................................
(New or Renewal)

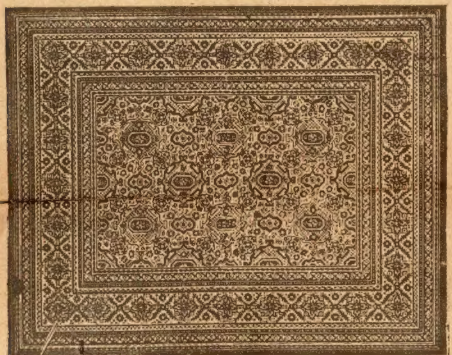


$1.00 44-Piece Aluminum Kitchen Set

Send only $1 and we will ship to you this 44-piece aluminum set. An amazing value. Positively a record breaking bargain. Each piece is made of heavy gauge pressed sheet aluminum. It is not made of cast, as the ordinary aluminum ware is, but of sheet aluminum of a better and heavier gauge than this price ever bought. Absolutely seamless. It will not crack, corrode, chip or peel. Heats quickly—no polish to wear off. Just as easy to keep clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes food more throughly than any other kitchenware made. Will last for years. Yours for only **$1.00 down, then $1.00 monthly. Price. $9.95. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back.**

Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum—44 Pieces

One roaster consisting of 10 pieces, measuring 10½ inches wide and 6 inches high, (these 10 pieces have dozens of uses—egg poaching, custard baking, rice and cereal cooking etc.); one 6 quart perserving kettle; one jelly cake pan (2 pieces); two pie pans; two bread pans; one stew pan and cover (2 pieces); one lip stewer (2 quarts); one lip stewer (1 quart); one cake turner; one coffee strainer: one measuring cup; one salt shaker; 4 piece set consisting of salt, pepper and tooth-pick holder and stand; one combination funnel (6 pieces); 5¼-inch nutmeg grater; lemon juice squeezer; biscuit and doughnut cutter; 8½-inch potato masher; 6½-inch paring knife; and set of 4 measuring spoons. Order direct from this ad. **No C. O. D. Order by No. B3327A. Send $1.00 with order. $1.00 monthly. Total price of entire 44-piece set, $9.95**



$1.00 Congoleum Art Rugs

Send only $1.00 and we will send you one of these world-famous, widely advertised Congoleum art rugs. Then pay only a little each month spread over about a year. These Congoleum art rugs look like real rugs. Will outwear ordinary linoleum. Ideal for kitchen, bed room, dining room, porch or sun parlor. Does away with scrubbing, knee aches, and back aches. Can be washed and kept in a clean, sanitary condition by mere mopping.

NO MORE Scrubbing, No Knee Aches or Back Aches —

These rugs are in six guaranteed, fast dependable colors, in a rich Oriental small figure design pattern of tan, brown, red or blue, with the blue predominating, producing a beautiful effect. Made in one piece, without a single seam. Will lay perfectly flat and will not kick up at the ends. No fastening. Absolutely waterproof and fast color. These are the highest quality Congoleum rugs made—the kind you have seen advertised everywhere—now offered at the maker's guaranteed cash price or credit. Don't wait. Order one now before the prices go up. Pay only a trifle monthly while using it.

Order by No. C600A — 6x9 ft. size. $1.00 down, 75c monthly. Total price, $5.50.
Order by No. C600¼A—9x10 ft. 6 in. size. $1 down, $1.25 monthly. Total price, $10.00.
Order by No. C600½A—9x12 ft. size. $1.00 down, $1.25 monthly. Total price, $11.00.

Send the Coupon

Along with $1.00 for each item to us now. Get one or more of these great smashing bargains on 30 days' trial. Don't wait or put off ordering. Buy before the prices go up. Rock-bottom prices so low that we cannot even offer a cash discount if you were to send all cash. No C. O. D. A great offer which you should seize at once, and protect yourself against rising costs. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and the balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon now.

FREE Trial Coupon

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Inc., Dept. B129 **West 35th St., CHICAGO**

Please send me the following special advertised bargains selected from your ad that I have marked with X. I enclose........................as my first payment. I am to have 30 days free-trial. If I keep the article I will pay a little each month according to terms in your ad. If not satisfied, I am to return the article within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight charges I paid.

☐ 44 Piece Aluminum Set,	No. B3327 A................	Price $ 9.95
☐ Fireside Rocker,	No. B3555 A................	" 8.65
☐ Washing Machine,	No. K3876 .A................	" 14.95
☐ 6x9 ft. size Congoleum Rug,	No. C 600 A................	" 5.50
☐ 9x10 ft. 6 in. size " "	No. C 600¼A................	" 10.00
☐ 9x12 ft. size " "	No. C 600½A................	" 11.00

Name..

Address..

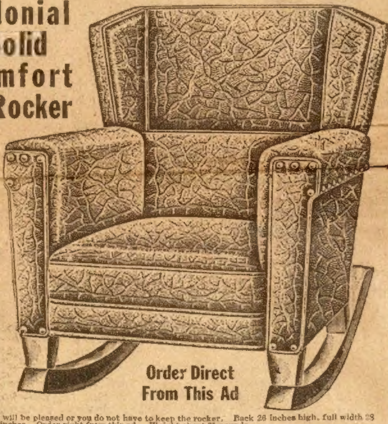
Post Office.. *State*..

If you only want the Catalog put X below.

☐ **Furniture** ☐ **Stoves** ☐ **Paints** ☐ **Roofing**
☐ **Jewelry** ☐ **Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing**

$1.00 Colonial Solid Comfort Fireside Rocker

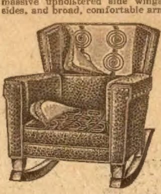
Yes, send only $1 and we'll ship you this big, roomy fireside rocker. Never before such a bargain as this. Clip and send coupon right now! We will ship rocker on 30 days' free trial.



Order Direct From This Ad

Colonial Fireside Design

This rocker is built in unusually broad proportions, giving you ample room to spread, thus affording the fullest measure of back comfort. It is made in rich, plain Colonial Fireside design, with very massive upholstered side wings, thickly padded sides, and broad, comfortable arms.



Spring Seat and Back

Never before has a rocker at this price been offered that contained steel coil springs in back and seat. The padding is laid in even layers for luxurious thickness. The covering is in our best grade of brown imitation Spanish leather. We absolutely guarantee that you will be pleased or you do not have to keep the rocker. Back 28 inches high, full width 28 inches, seat 20x19 inches. Order right from this ad. Weight about 75 pounds.

Order by No. B3555A. Send only $1.00 with order and $1.00 monthly, Total price.. $8.65

The Same Washer Big Laundries Use

$1.00

50 Mixed Pieces Washed Clean in Five Minutes —the New Way

Yes, only $1 with order—and you won't have to look forward to wash days with dread, for there will be no more backaches for days afterwards. The old-fashioned way of rubbing clothes by hand is now a thing of the past. Heavy blankets, laces, curtains, anything in fact, will wash pure, sunny white, equally well.

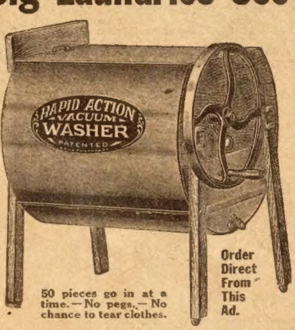
How It Operates When the machine is operated it picks up all soapy water and churns it and churns it into foaming suds in less than a minute's time. The tub fills up to the top, and the clothes tumble in this downy foam for five minutes or so until clean.

The Cylinder has concave sides with corrugated rubbers and the dirt is gently loosened by the rubbing, then drawn out by the vacuum forms from the four section troughs, and deposited on the bottom of the tub away from the clothes. This cylinder is 20x20 inches.

The Tub is 23 1-2x 24 inches, made of 26 gauge best galvanized steel, double seamed and soldered. Ends are of cypress. Legs and wringer board are of hardwood. All woodwork is beautifully varnished.

In the Big Laundries where thousands and thousands of the dirtiest pieces are washed each day, this vacuum method washer is used. So surely it will do your work thoroughly, and easily without great effort. Weight carefully packed, about 90 pounds.

Order by No. K3876A. $1.00 with order. $1.50 monthly. Total price, $14.95.



50 pieces go in at a time.—No pegs.—No chance to tear clothes.

Order Direct From This Ad.

Free Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

EasyPayments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people no matter where you live. Send for one or more of these wonderful bargains shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices.

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware **stoves,** women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today.

Straus & Schram (Inc.) Dept B129 **W. 35th St. Chicago**